

TWENTY CENTS

MAY 30, 1955

FRANCE: THE YOUNGER GENERATION

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPER



CALIFORNIA'S GOVERNOR KNIGHT
and daughters



Man wanted by Carter's

Do you happen to know a man who'll stop to look at a racy sports car? Or a well-turned ankle? Thanks. We'd like to tell him about Carter's Trigs.

Oh, it's *you*. Well — look to Carter's for young ideas in underwear. Fashion under fashion — plus man-comfort.

If you wear Bermuda shorts, you'll surely need non-revealing Trigs Bermudas Briefs with mesh side-panels. Breezy cool!

Or maybe you'll prefer Trigs *knit* Boxers. Plenty do. They're neat, mister.

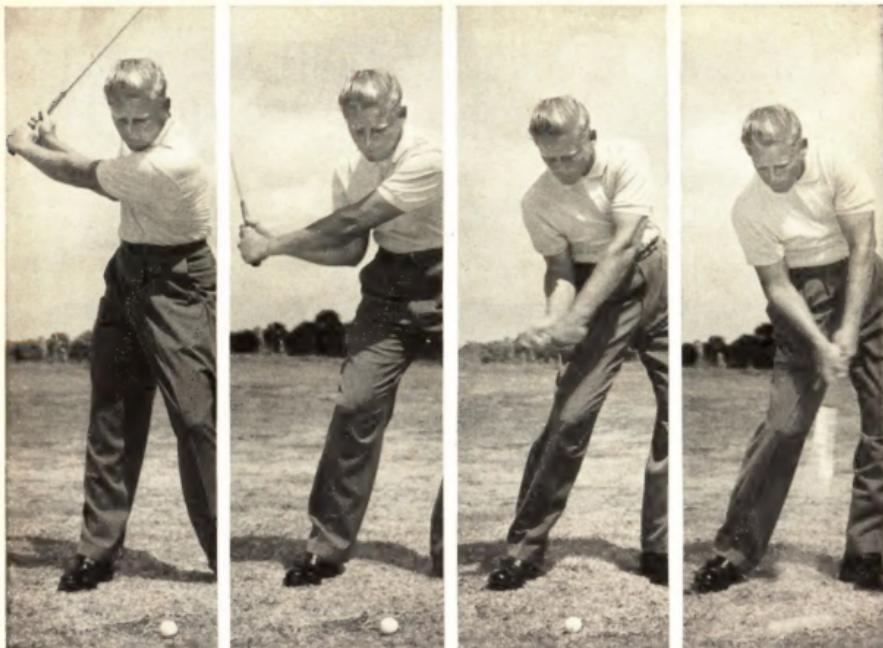
And the fabrics. Young. Smart. Nylon and Chromspun. Orlon tricot. Soft, combed cotton. In young smart colors — stripes, checks and Tattersalls.

All knitwear, of course, launders perfectly without ironing. Carter's is the great name in underwear for the whole family. William Carter Co., Needham Heights, Massachusetts.



Fashion under Fashion

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Handicaps cut by as much as 1/3 with Spalding Synchro-Dyned Top-Flite clubs!

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And, when you realize that on an 18-hole course, you spend only about 12 minutes to address and complete all your shots . . . confidence and uniform shot control become vital to better golf scores.

Get the most out of those 12 important minutes. Play a round with SYNCHRO-DYNE TOP-FLITE clubs. Let the SPALDING "12-MINUTE TEST" prove that *you're a far better golfer than you think.* TOP-FLITES are sold through golf professionals only.

*Play Spalding clubs and balls...
golf's most winning combination*



SPALDING
SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS

DRAMATIC NEW USE OF LIGHT STEEL BEAMS FEATURED IN HOME OF THE FUTURE

"RESEARCH VILLAGE," near Barrington, Ill., is an experimental development in modern architecture and building, sponsored by the United States Gypsum Company, in cooperation with the National Association of Home Builders and members of the American

Institute of Architects. The designing architect of the model home shown here is G. H. Coddington, AIA, Brooks and Coddington, Columbus, Ohio. Consulting Builder: W. Alexander Simms, Dayton, Ohio. Builder: Maxon Construction Co., Barrington, Ill.

J&L JUNIOR BEAMS... offer new beauty, comfort and safety



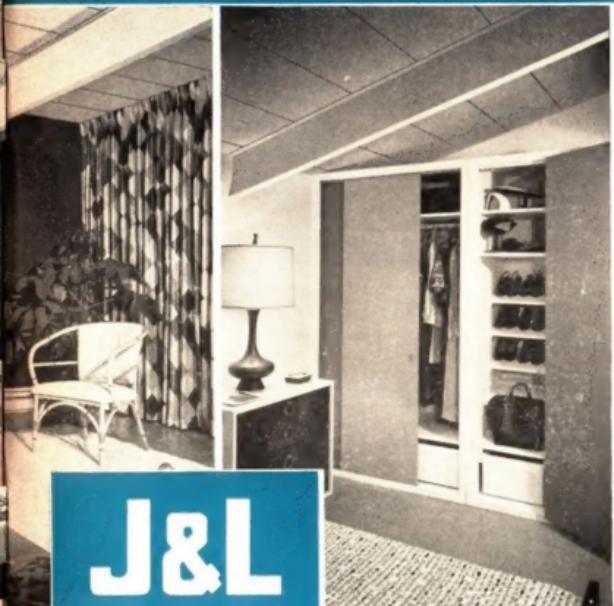
The sweeping expanse of this kitchen-living room area is another example of the versatility of J&L Junior Beams. They are strong enough to span large areas without columns, and their simplicity of design blends with any modern interior.



Note this smart looking section of the large recreation room. Here, the exposed J&L Junior Beams blend with the modern decor of a first-floor room, and provide firm support for the floors of the rooms above.



for medium and low-priced homes



**J&L
STEEL**

Here is a striking example of how progressive architects and builders are using J&L Junior Beams.

In this home, versatile J&L Junior Beams provide safe and lasting support. At the same time, the architects have left the beams dramatically exposed as an element of attractive design.

Strong, lightweight Junior Beams have long been used by progressive architects and builders in nearly every type of light-occupancy building—small office buildings, hospitals, schools, industrial plants, and apartment houses.

You may have the advantages of Junior Beam construction in your new home, or in any type of light occupancy building. Just ask your architect to specify J&L Junior Beams for the supporting structure.

Left: The ceiling in this bedroom, second floor, shows an ingenious combination of beauty and strength. The exposed J&L Junior Beam harmonizes in line and color with this modern interior, while safely supporting the roof above.

Jones & Laughlin

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LETTERS

The Red Dragoon

Sir:

The May 9 article on Marshal Zhukov was most interesting and informative . . . Zhukov's path is thoroughly paved with the maimed and dying soldiers he found so expendable . . . and I believe we would do well to weigh any friendship that holds life and moral obligation so cheaply.

The repetition of the vow Alexander Nevsky made 800 years ago may have been made by Zhukov to save Moscow, but Nevsky meant it for all of Russia and the lands he took. The master plan of the Soviet Union dictators calls for the domination of the entire world, and it is a wise leader in the free countries who never loses sight of that plan. And time is on Russia's side.

K. R. PETRE

Santa Ana, Calif.

Sir:

TIME said: ". . . A strange figure among the close-shaven, monocled Prussians, but Zhukov could outface any of them." Good old Zhukov! I served, 1905-18, as a cavalry officer in the Prussian army. We did not shave our heads, leaving this to Tartars and Mongols. As to monocles, they were the exception . . . Fencing was neither part of an officer's drill nor his pastime. However, it really does not matter whether Zhukov fenced those Prussian officers in or out . . . Shaven-headed, monocles, swashbuckling, heel-clicking, the maladroit good old clichés . . . the Erich von Stroheim type created by those smart gentlemen in Hollywood . . .

OSTHEIM

(Count von Ostheim)

Palm Beach, Fla.

Brass, Beer & Ivy

Sir:

Concerning your May 9 report of student reaction to tighter campus regulations at William and Mary, my school, Marquette University, has no beer on campus, has chaperones for every fraternity party and has close administrative control of student publications. I heartily recommend Marquette to prospective students, and I offer my congratulations to President Alvin Chandler and a question to his school's "students": What is college for?

CARL SCHRANK

Milwaukee

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Memorable Meetings

Sir:

Manet's *Lunch on the Grass* [May 9] and his arrangement of the three figures is even more classical than he probably ever suspected. Raimondi's or Raphael's *Judgment of Paris* is lifted directly from a Roman late 2nd century A.D. sarcophagus or coffin relief of similar subject, which since the late 16th century has been walled up in a prominent



ROMAN SARCOPHAGUS

place on the garden façade of the Villa Medicis in Rome. This sarcophagus relief influenced the work of other artists who saw it before or after its arrival in that garden still much frequented by painters. For example, Rubens used it as the basis for his celebrated painting *The Horrors of War*, now in the Palazzo Pitti in Florence.

CORNELIUS C. VERMEULE

Department of Fine Arts

University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Mich.

¶ For a detail from the Roman sarcophagus, see cut.—ED.

What to Call the Citizens

Sir:

Reading TIME, I get smarter and smarter. From your May 9 issue, for instance, I learn that people who live in Glasgow are Glaswegians and the residents of Liverpool are Liverpudlians. You New Yorkers have research sources that are strange and wonderful. Selah!

BASIL MARTIN

Duncan, S.C.

Sir:

. . . It occurs to me that, along with Liverpudlians and Glaswegians, there must

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also exist in the world those whom TIME would call Axioms, Beiruters, Timbuktutus and Zanzibarans.

MARTHA BARKOFF

New Orleans

¶ How about: Nomebodies, Ogdenzins, Berlinmutes, Oslocals, Praguematics, Warsawfuls or Honolululus?—ED.

Vaccine Crisis

SIR:

APPRECIATED YOUR OBJECTIVE REPORTING ON "VACCINE CRISIS." TIME WISELY ADVISED AWAITING THE FINAL VERDICT, TIME'S FOOT SLIPPED, THOUGH, ON STATING THAT IN ADDITION TO SHIPPING VACCINE FOR FOUNDATION, CUTTER "WAS ONE OF THOSE THAT HAD SHIPPED OUT A FEW THOUSAND DOSES . . . AS A 'COME-ON' TO WIN DOCTORS' GOOD WILL" . . . ALL COMMERCIAL SHIPMENTS WERE MADE AFTER NATIONAL INSTITUTES OF HEALTH RELEASE TO CUTTER REGIONAL OFFICES EXACTLY IN LINE WITH THEIR PERCENTAGE OF OUR SALES OF PEDIATRIC IMMUNIZING AGENTS LAST YEAR. THEY IN TURN FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS TO SHIP TO WHOLESALE AND PRESCRIPTION PHARMACIES IN ACCORDANCE WITH THEIR PREVIOUS CALL FOR OUR PEDIATRIC IMMUNIZING AGENTS. STILL BELIEVE THIS ONLY METHOD FOR INSURING FAIR DISTRIBUTION TO PEDIATRICIANS AND GENERAL PRACTITIONERS WHO HAVE DEPENDED ON CUTTER IMMUNIZING AGENTS. DOCTORS WHO KNOW OF OUR METHOD OF ALLOCATION BELIEVE IT WAS PROPER . . .

F. A. CUTTER

CUTTER LABORATORIES
BERKELEY, CALIF.

Billy Graham's Big Show

SIR:

J. B. Priestley has the audacity to attack Billy Graham, America, and his own British public [May 9]. Never have I seen such an illogical and prejudiced article . . . It seems that Mr. Priestley puts himself up as the master psychologist when he says so bluntly, "The reason for Billy's success is not Britons' hunger for religion, but their hunger for a show." I would like to ask Mr. Priestley if he took the time or effort to interview those who attended the campaigns, and especially those who made decisions . . . I happen to be one of those who made my decision during one of Graham's campaigns . . .

MAURICE HANNA

Beirut, Lebanon

SIR:

I am still chuckling at Priestley's comments . . . John Boynton Priestley and I went to different schools in Bradford, Yorkshire; you know, where the pudding comes from. His evaluation of all that religious conversion is as correct as it is shrewd and witty. I, too, know the "hunger for a show" of the British people—and why confine it to the British anyway? As for that Irish newspaper which said that Billy had taken Ireland by storm even *in absentia*: phooey!

MAUD CHEGWIDDEN

San Francisco

SIR:

If Graham goes for orange juice, the unpriestly Priestley is steeped in dill-pickle juice. This cynic is not one of those Britons whose minds "are wide open as well as being empty." His mind, though empty, is closed.

DAVE MACPHERSON

Long Beach, Calif.

The Race Is Not to the Swift

SIR:

Your May 9 story of Frank Swift is inspiring in these times when being voluntarily unemployed is looked upon virtually as a crime



"No, it isn't CANCER..."

PEOPLE are beginning to realize that there is much needless worry about cancer. For example, the American Cancer Society reports that at a typical cancer clinic, where large numbers of people are examined, *only about one out of every 125 is found to have cancer.*

Thanks to medical progress, the spirit of hopelessness that once surrounded cancer has been replaced by rising optimism. This is based in part on the increased number of lives now being saved. Records of the American Cancer Society, for instance, show that skin cancer, discovered early and treated promptly and properly, is curable in 85 percent of the cases.

What developments hold great promise for the future? For one thing, there are the advances achieved in both diagnosis and treatment. Cancer of certain internal organs, for example, can now be detected by searching under the microscope for cancerous cells cast off into body fluids. This yields clues to so-called "silent cancers," or those which have not caused noticeable symptoms. It is in this stage that the disease is often curable.

One great hope of cancer research today is that drugs will be found to cure both localized and widely spread cancer. Already there are chemicals which can slow down . . . and even stop for awhile . . . the growth of some types of cancer cells. Today, however, only surgery and radiation offer hope of cure or control.

Cancer's Seven Warning Signals

1. Any sore that does not heal.
2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
4. Any change in a wart or mole.
5. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Persistent hoarseness or cough.
7. Any change in normal bowel habits.

While the sweeping search of science goes on against cancer, everyone . . . especially those who are middle-aged and older . . . should take these two wise safeguards:

1. Learn the seven danger signals listed here that give early warning of the possibility of cancer. Remember, these signals are not sure signs of cancer.

2. Have periodic medical examinations. These are especially important because about 50 percent of all cancers occur in body sites that can be readily examined by the doctor.

Cancer still ranks second as a cause of death—but cancer is not hopeless. Even with today's weapons, we are . . . according to the American Cancer Society . . . saving the lives of 70,000 people each year from cancer. :

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Please mail me a free copy of your booklet on Cancer, 655-T.

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4. The great new Wilson Rocket shaft by True Temper generates extra power "kick" near head, provides sensitive "feel" in your hands as you stroke the ball. Wide range of shafts.

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(even in the case of so-called emancipated women). I have been trying to avoid steady, secure employment (which is very boring) for many years, and I hope I am as successful at it as Frank has been.

BETTINA SCHUTT

University Park, Pa.

Rome & Hollywood

SIR:

THE UNIDENTIFIED DEMILLE "CO-WORKER" IMMEDIATELY RESIDE ME IN YOUR MAY 9 PICTURE IS THE ITALIAN FOREIGN MINISTER, DR. GAETANO MARTINO . . . BEHIND MISS ANNE HAXTER IS MRS. MARTINO. IF YOU'D BE ASKED



United Press

DEMILLE, Co-Workers & Guests

HONOR TO HAVE THEM AS "CO-WORKERS"; HOWEVER, THE FOREIGN MINISTER HAS NOT YET SIGNED A PARAMOUNT CONTRACT, NOR IS IT LIKELY THAT WE COULD DIVERT HIS DISTINGUISHED SERVICES FROM THE MOMENTOUS AREAS IN WHICH HE NOW MAKES HIS CONTRIBUTION TOWARD WORLD PEACE.

CECIL B. DEMILLE

HOLLYWOOD

Sir:

I just saw the piece you wrote about Cecil and myself. You were very kind, and I appreciate it . . .

SAMUEL GOLDWYN

Los Angeles

Overcrowding

Sir:

Why do you frequently give space to beating the Roman Catholic Church over the head for deluded reasons? Every time the world's population goes up beyond the point TIME finds bearable, the church is to blame . . . Catholicism is always the butt for those lovers of mankind who want to save the human race by eliminating people . . . Now I see TIME gives a pulpit to one of the field marshals in the van of such homophiles: William Vogt. His letter of May 9 raises the profession of anti-Catholicism to the virulent heights of people-hating achieved earlier by the anti-Semites.

BLAIR BOLLES

Paris

Sin & Sweden (Contd.)

Sir:

What sort of nation will we have to deal with when this generation of young Swedes grows up and takes over the affairs of their country? . . . It seems to me that sex is running amuck with the human race everywhere these days . . . Just think what a happier world it would be if young people could marry for mental affinity without the excessive pressure of "body urges." Sex is really a very selfish urge, and sexual satisfaction can become an intense craving—it is the devil's playground, and I really think the world would be a finer place without it . . .

MRS. JOAN JONKER-FISKE
Riversdale, Cape Province, South Africa



"Not a man in sight..."

As I was driving along a country road with four other women as my guests a tire went flat. My heart sank with it, for my tire-changing experience was nil and the road was empty of aid. Pulling to the side, I hunted out the tools, remarking as I did so:

"Not a man in sight, of course. What we need is an angel from heaven!"

Imagine our astonishment when a cheery voice above our heads said, "I'll be down in a minute, lady." Unknowingly, I had stopped beside a telephone pole at the top of which sat our "angel"—a line repairman.

From the Reader's Digest feature, Life in These United States... "true stories showing appealing or humorous sidelights on the American scene."

A Friend in Need

We got a chuckle out of that little story and we hope you did too. Best thing about it is that it isn't an isolated case.

Many a time each day, telephone men and women go out of their way to help someone in trouble. Their friendly, neighborly spirit is one of the nice things about telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Davy's Time

In New England woods the fiddlehead ferns were unfolding, and blankets of wisteria spread over the houses. Outside Santa Fe, ribbons of green laced the brown adobe on the flatlands, and here and there the full-flowering lilacs formed purple buttons. On riverbanks of the Northwest, wild rhododendrons, spiraling up to 30 feet, were spreading red and pink and white blooms two hands wide. Spring was full-blown in the U.S., and the nation's prevailing mood seemed to be as bright as its blossoms.

The people of the U.S. had never been so prosperous (see BUSINESS). Never before had the breadwinner taken home so much money; in March and April, after-tax pay of the average factory worker with three dependents was around \$70 a week. Not since the first delirious, mistaken weeks after V-J day had there been so much expectancy—with caution, this time—for peace. The fishing was good too. In the gulf, off the coast of Louisiana, speckled trout were swarming in the bays and bayous, and tarpon appeared a full month earlier than usual. Said Bill Tugman, editor of the weekly Reedsport



Gordon Tenney—Black Star

HOUSTON AUTO DEALER AT WORK Doing what comes most naturally.

(Ore.) *Port Umpqua Courier*: "The salmon are running and the trout and striped bass, and they even say the shad feel like taking a fly this year. So let Moscow do its worst."

The Last Sardine. This was no sudden mood that had swept across the nation. It had been growing for months. Bomb shelters were on sale in Los Angeles, but hardly anyone was buying them. Californians were more interested in buying swimming pools—at the rate of 25,000 a year. Mrs. C. T. Higgins of Portland, Ore., who four years ago had the city's first private, backyard underground shelter, granted that the family had been thinking about converting it into a walk-in Deepfreeze. *Oregon Journal* Staffer Doug Baker made an admission in print: he had eaten the last can of sardines out of the family survival kit.

The people were spending. For the man who wanted to pace the floor with his hands in his pockets while he talked, the telephone company was selling a phone equipped with a special speaker. In Los Angeles a cab driver announced happily that, "Everybody's tipping big today, even women." The highways were lined with the most spectacular parade of new cars in history, from Ford Crestliners in ma-

genta and ivory to Cadillac Eldorados in "goddess gold" and Wedgwood green. There was a waiting list for Cadillacs in New Orleans. Said a stenographer in Austin, Texas: "I just bought an air-conditioned Ford. I know I couldn't afford the air conditioning, but then I couldn't afford the Ford to begin with, so I just went ahead and got both." The probability that she would manage to pay for it was very high.

Although parents worried about growing juvenile delinquency, it was the best spring ever for millions of young Americans. Bus loads of high-school seniors from the country and town schools rolled into the cities, crowded the corridors of the state capitols, jammed parks and painted their message on wall and tressle: "Class of '55—Watch Our Smoke." For college graduates, the babies of the Depression, there were more job offers at higher pay than ever before. The University of Colorado had calls for 12,500 teachers, could offer only 600. Said Fred Ajax, head of Georgia Tech's placement service: "Representatives of 650 companies have visited our campus and have conducted 23,000 interviews. Now I am just about sold out for this year."

A black spot on the bright surface of



Robert Kelley—LIFE

COLONEL CROCKETT (1955)
Let Moscow do its worst.

the nation had been a huge, jagged patch of drought, spreading over large areas of the west, south and southwest. But last week, on much of the parched land, rain fell. At Hale Center, Texas, clouds that swept up from the gulf dumped six inches of rain in two hours. In other Texas cities, men and women stood and let the rain soak them to the skin, while children played in the swirling waters of overflowing gutters. The day after Secretary of State Dulles made his television report on international affairs, the top headline in the Omaha *World-Herald* exulted: RAINS UP TO 3 INCHES SOAK STATE'S DRY AREA.

The Deep Undercurrent. To those who did not know the U.S. or who did not look closely, the mood of May 1955 might be mistaken for fatuous euphoria. But beneath the glass surface there was a deep undercurrent, a persistent concern for

Americans, young and old. Crockett's is no fat and happy success story. He had a lot of fun, but he never expected to be safe. He kept moving, and he never let his hand get far from his rifle. Concluded Nichols: "Davy Crockett is the epitome of a man who can lick any problem with his wits and his own two hands."

In the spring of 1955 the U.S. people were confident, but far from smug. Eisenhower and Dulles had not ended the cold war, nor had the people been lulled into thinking it was ended. What had ceased was the chronic crisis, the futile nail-biting, the frustrated tensions that previously surfaced in such phenomena as the pro-and-con McCarthy yawnings. Now, the U.S. had the idea that something constructive could be done about foreign affairs—and the idea of doing something constructive is the idea with which Americans feel most at home.



SECRETARY DULLES IN TV REPORT TO THE PRESIDENT
Steadily, steadily, then suddenly a break.

country. In Kentucky's Pennyroyal, where farmers were just finishing their tobacco-setting, a middle-aged farm wife apologized for paying too little attention to world affairs, then demonstrated that she had a remarkably clear understanding of what has been going on. "There seems to be a little less fear around," she said. "Fear's sort of lost its power. I thought it was pretty good that Mr. Dulles seemed to have gained what he's been struggling so hard for. He's been trying so hard for footing and he seems to have got it."

Robert E. Nichols, TIME's San Diego correspondent, reflected last week on the mood of his community and concluded that the amazing upsurge of the Davy Crockett myth was more than a publicity man's dreamboat, and no accident. Myths have meaning, and Nichols wondered why Davy Crockett, whose story has been around a long time, should suddenly click as a meaningful figure to

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Foster's Hour

Just after the President of the U.S. went to lunch one day last week, a band of technicians moved into his huge, oval office in the White House. They laid a brown canvas over the green carpet, moved a picture of the President's mother off his desk, rolled in half a dozen cameras and set up floodlights, microphones and recorders. Six hours later, at the day's best hour for reaching large radio and television audiences, the office was the scene of a government's remarkable new technique for informing the governed.

In the language of radio and television programs, it might have been called "Dwight Eisenhower Presents," or "Foster's Hour." Seated at the gleaming mahogany desk brought into the White House in 1903 by Theodore Roosevelt, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles ad-

libbed for almost 30 minutes about world events. He was equipped with both notes and a text, but he seldom referred to them as he discussed the most intricate maneuvers of foreign policy in the least intricate of terms. As his master of ceremonies he had the biggest name in the business: Dwight Eisenhower.

Turning the Tide. "Foster," said President Eisenhower, after the cameras panned in, "it's good to have you here to tell us something of the significant events that took place during your recent visit to Europe." Traveler Dulles was happy about those events. The signing of the Austrian Treaty and the admission of West Germany into the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (TIME, May 23) were "to a very large extent a coming true of things" that the Eisenhower Administration has been planning for more than two years. "And, indeed, I think now one can say that what happened may really mark a turning in the tide of history."

Foster Dulles was soon giving his report human touches rarely present in official reports on international discussions. When West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer was welcomed into the NATO Council, Dulles reported, that "pretty stuffy and formalistic body" broke into applause for the first time in his memory. There "was a sense of the great event" as the free German Republic took its place" in the NATO Council. Since F and G come together in the alphabet, France and Germany sat side by side as allies, "and you felt that a new page had been opened on European history."

Like any tourist, Dulles wanted to tell about the "high spot of the trip," in this case, the signing of the Austrian Treaty. After eight years of negotiating in 379 meetings, the Soviet Union had finally agreed to pull out Russian troops. "It proves in this business you must not be easily discouraged," interjected M.C. Eisenhower. Said Dulles: "You keep on steadily, steadily, keeping the pressure on, and all of a sudden you get a break."

At times the team of Ike and Foster broke into their discussion of serious events with easy asides. Pointing out that he had refused to go to Vienna to sign the Austrian Treaty until the Russians had agreed, to final terms ("I felt once I got there in Vienna, I would be hooked"), Dulles recalled that the President had lent him the presidential plane, and "that part of it was pretty nice." Nodded Ike, with a grin: "It's a good ship."

Jumping with Joy. From Austria, as from NATO, Reporter Dulles brought back some color for his story. The Austrian people, who had lived under occupation since Hitler's goose-steppers arrived in 1938, were overjoyed at the prospect of liberation—"particularly the older people who had known the liberties of the past. [They were] just jumping up and down with joy, their wrinkled faces—it just made your heart feel warm at the thought that we'd been able to make some contribution to this spirit of joy."

Beneath the surface, Secretary Dulles

found further reason for "great satisfaction" in the Austrian Treaty. "In the first place, it marks the first time that the Red armies have turned their face in the other direction and gone back since 1945 . . ." Now, that's bound to have a tremendous impact in the other countries where the Red armies are there in occupation . . . The peoples of the satellite countries are going to want to be getting for themselves the thing that they see the Austrians get—they want to dance in the streets with joy, too, some time."

John Foster Dulles did not think that the Soviet leaders had "got religion or been converted." He realizes that they have changed their tactics, not their purposes; he believes they have been forced to change in the face of the U.S. and Western "policy of strength and firmness and the standard of moral principles." He explained simply: "In every one of our well-ordered communities, there are a lot of people who don't believe in their hearts in the rules and the laws that are there, but they find it more convenient to conform . . . And it may possibly be the case that the Soviet Union, after this experience of trying to buck everything, may be feeling that it may be more convenient for them to conform to some of the rules and practices of a civilized world community."

Vigilance with Hope. Since the West was united and the Soviet Union had softened its tactics, Secretary Dulles and President Eisenhower agreed that the time was ripe for four-power talks by the heads of government. But both approached the conference table warily.

Dulles: Now, nobody knows better than you that such a meeting has dangers as well as opportunities, and the biggest danger of all is the danger that hopes will be raised so high that they can't possibly be realized, and then . . . either there'll be an open disillusionment and a feeling of dismay on the part of the people and a feeling that . . . the only alternative is war . . . Or then there's the possibility that, in an effort to avoid that danger, the heads of government meeting there might arrive at sort of an appearance of agreement under ambiguous words where there was no real agreement.

Eisenhower: Foster, I don't believe that danger's quite as great as it was once, because my mail shows this: that the American people are really pretty aware of what is going on. They realize this is merely a beginning and not an end . . . I'm sure that there's a greater maturity than we would have expected several years ago.

Dulles: I do think the American people have become pretty sophisticated about it. They're not easily going to be fooled . . . The heads of government, great as they are, are not going to be able to get together for three or four days and find a substantial solution for some of these problems.

Considering the whole picture, Secretary Dulles felt that the U.S. and its allies "can face the future with new confidence" if they adhere to policies of firmness. Said the President: "In a word, we will stay strong, and we'll stay vigilant, but we're not going to extinguish the hope that a new dawn may be coming, even if the sun rises very slowly."

Deterrance Without Bellicosity. When the political reviews of the television performance were in, some politicians on Capitol Hill thought that Dulles and the President were too bold about the international situation and others thought that they were too timid. Some pundits clucked that crucial international issues should not be discussed on such an informal show. But it was clear that Dwight Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles had done a remarkably good job of explaining U.S. foreign policy in a way that the people of the



Walter Bennett

AIR SECRETARY TALBOTT
Yes, no and maybe.

U.S. and of the world (the program is being transmitted in 37 languages by the Voice of America) could understand. The people of the U.S. could understand that these two men were not about to surrender to Communist wiles; the people of neutral nations could understand that the U.S. was not plotting the conquest of the world.

Through the plain talk on "Foster's Hour," as well as through other recent words and deeds of the Eisenhower Administration, the U.S. policy of deterrence is gradually becoming clearer. Its basis is strength and firmness. If the Communists resort to force, the U.S. will retaliate in kind, and will make the punishment fit the crime. If the attack is massive, so will be the response; if it is a peripheral attack, the answer will be peripheral.

But Dwight Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles are determined that they will never be bellicose, as the Communists are. Ready at all times to enter into honor-

able negotiation, they will negotiate from strength, and will not negotiate away territory. They are not about to trade away Formosa or Germany, or both, to buy some dubious Communist promise. They will agree to genuine atomic control and disarmament, but will shun the mere appearance of agreement and control. They will take all honorable measures for peace, but will yield no real estate or no principle. The strategy, summed up, is deterrence without bellicosity.

ARMED FORCES The Brass Ring

Citizens concerned about the race between growing Russian and U.S. air power have in the last fortnight been taken for a dizzying ride on the public-relations merry-go-round. Brass rings:

¶ The Air Force, through the Defense Department, released a terse statement stressing Russian progress in heavy and medium jet bombers (one of them comparable to the eight-jet B-52 the U.S. is now building). The statement concluded: "This technology is evidence of the modern technology of the Soviet aircraft industry and the advances which are being made by them."

¶ Georgia's wise old Senator Walter George growled that the statement "may be intended to have some influence on the Senate's consideration of the military budget."

¶ Senator Stuart Symington, onetime Air Force Secretary and longtime foe of Eisenhower defense budget policy, roared that the U.S. "may have lost control of the air" to Russia.

¶ Next day, in his press conference, Commander in Chief Eisenhower sharply answered Symington. Said the President: "To say that we have lost in a twinkling all of this great technical development and technical excellence, as well as the number in our total aircraft, is just not true."

¶ The same day Brigadier General W. M. Burgess, Deputy Chief of Staff for Intelligence for the Continental Air Defense Command, was quoted in a speech as saying that Russia has planes as good as the U.S. Air Force, and more of them.

¶ Next day his boss, Air Force Chief of Staff Nathan Twining, stated Burgess "did not tell the truth." Twining's appraisal: "I am confident we are ahead today."

¶ In subsequent speeches, made almost simultaneously across the nation, General Alfred M. Gruenthal, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, said that "Russia is quite a long way behind"; Tactical Air Commander General O. P. Weyland said that his forces are "one step ahead"; Air Force Secretary Harold E. Talbott said that the U.S. program is "just about right."

¶ In Boston Lieut. General Thomas S. Power, head of the Air Force Research and Development Command, played it safe. He had a prepared speech, cleared by the Pentagon, which said that Russia has "the world's largest air force" and "resources in manpower and material we

* An exception omitted by Dulles: the 1946 withdrawal of Red armies from Iran's Azerbaijan province after determined insistence by the U.N.

could not possibly match." But when he rose to speak, he toned it down to: "the Russians have a large air force," and "the Soviets have impressive resources in manpower and material."

Asked why he had released the original statement on growing Russian airpower, Secretary Talbott said: "I thought the American people should know the facts."

POLITICAL NOTES

The Ball Carrier

One Sunday evening, as a February wind knifed across Philadelphia's Chestnut Hill, four members of the new, reform-minded Republican Assembly knocked on the door of William Thacher Longstreth. The four had come to extend an invitation. It was worded to appeal to Longstreth as a former Princeton football star.



Philadelphia Evening Bulletin

REPUBLICAN LONGSTRETH
Wringing wet.

an advertising executive and a lifelong Republican.

Said the spokesman, referring to the woes of boss-ridden Philadelphia Republicanism: "We're back on our two-yard line, but I think I see a chink of light through the line and a way to go all the way—98 yards for a touchdown." The way was for 34-year-old "Thach" Longstreth to carry the Republican ball for mayor against hard-hitting Democratic District Attorney Richardson Dilworth. Longstreth asked for time to think it over. Three days later he called the Republican Assembly spokesman and said: "You're on, kid."

As a candidate Longstreth had impressive credentials. Coming from a *Social Register* family that had fallen on hard times in 1929, he went to Princeton on a scholarship, sold sandwiches, newspapers and magazines from door to door, played end on the football team and was president of his senior class. A World War II Navy officer, he participated in eight ma-

jor Pacific battles and won two Bronze Stars.

Old Shoes. Now a partner and account executive in Philadelphia's Geare-Martson, Inc., advertising agency, lanky (6 ft. 6 in.), Thach Longstreth demonstrates his own sales techniques in pep talks to dealers and salesmen. Says he: "I start out slowly. It's a 25-minute presentation, and by the time I'm through, I'm wringing wet. It reaches a high point where I throw money at them and end by hurling my shoes—an old pair with worn-out soles. The idea is that you have to wear out shoe leather, too, to make an ad campaign successful."

Out after the Republican mayoralty nomination, Longstreth wore out plenty of leather. He spoke from street corners, campaigned on the Frankford El, shook hands with everyone aboard the Pennsylvania Railroad's "Ladies' Day" excursion to New York.

His presence in a four-candidate Republican race was soon felt. One night, Fourth Ward Republican Leader Louis ("The Bull") Sax turned his television set to a local news program. The commentator's guest was Richardson Dilworth, whom Louis Sax eyed darkly; such Democrats as Dilworth had kicked Sax off the public payroll. Recalls Sax: "I noticed there seemed to be something wrong with Dilworth. He was awful nervous. He kept rubbing his hands together." Then the camera turned to another guest: Thach Longstreth. Says Louis the Bull: "I soon saw why Dilworth was nervous. He was worried about running against this guy Longstreth. Longstreth had the looks, he had the confidence, he talked well. I told myself, 'This is the guy we've been looking for.'"

New Word. But Independent Republican Longstreth was hardly the man that James F. Meade, who controls about half of Philadelphia's 53 Republican ward leaders (including Sax), was looking for. Since Meade's place on the city's Tax Revision Board theoretically bars him from all political activity, his ward leaders waited for the word to come from his lieutenant, John G. Monks. It came: Boss Meade was backhanded capable, colorless Republican Candidate George P. Williams III.

Louis the Bull was unhappy. He wanted a G.O.P. win, even if it had to be with a candidate who owed no debt to the organization. He visited Williams' headquarters, but "it was like a morgue. No one was ever there except his wife and a couple of other people. Then I'd walk past Longstreth's headquarters and the place would be jumping. Mostly with young people, you know, amateurs. I'd meet a friend and he'd say, 'Who are ya for, Louis?' and I'd answer, 'I'm for Williams, but I don't feel right.'" But Sax remained loyal to Meade. Says he: "We all admire Meade's views—even if he's out of politics."

No all of Meade's men remained so steadfast. Last month G.O.P. City Chairman Robert Duffy, who owed his position to Meade, resigned and announced for Longstreth. Leader Edward Harris, after

a canvass in his 27th Ward, also went for Longstreth, saying: "I thought it would be better for the party if committeemen took orders from the bottom up—from the voters—instead of from the top down." Other ward leaders pleaded with Meade to support Longstreth.

From Washington, where President Eisenhower has said that he would like to see some bright new G.O.P. faces in state and local politics, came efforts by National Chairman Leonard Hall to swing Philadelphia leaders behind Longstreth.

A week before the primary election, Meade switched. Meademan John Monks passed around a new word: "We're going for Longstreth."

Dubious Honor. Last week, with his new-found organization support adding to his considerable independent strength, Thach Longstreth easily took the Repub-



DEMOCRAT DILWORTH
Drying wring.

lian nomination. He thereby won the right to face Dick Dilworth, who had only token opposition for the Democratic nomination, in the November elections.

For a less aggressive type than Longstreth, this might be considered a dubious honor. Dilworth is a vote-getter. An honored Marine veteran of both world wars (an arm wound in the Soissons drive of 1918, a Silver Star from Guadalcanal). Dick Dilworth is a successful Philadelphia lawyer, specializing in libel suits. He was elected city treasurer in 1949 and was a key man on the Democratic team that ousted the Republican machine from the city hall after 67 unbroken years of solid rule. In 1951 he was elected district attorney.

Although Dilworth is favored to win, Thach Longstreth feels that he has advanced the ball from the two-yard line up to somewhere near mid-field. A good many others feel the same way. President Eisenhower, in a post-election White House meeting with Longstreth, said he needed

no one to tell him what a fine candidate Longstreth would be—he could see for himself. Back in Philadelphia, Louis Sax was chortling: "If we don't beat Dilworth, we'll scare the hell out of him."

THE LAW

Sin & Criminality

Forty-three states provide some form of criminal penalty for adultery, but in a sample year the nation's police made only 267 adultery arrests,⁶ many of which never went to trial. There is a fairly well-founded impression that the incidence of adultery greatly exceeds the number of arrests. Since adultery laws are not enforced, should they be expunged from the statute books? Last week a group of the nation's most distinguished lawyers and judges, gathered in Washington's Mayflower Hotel for the American Law Institute's annual meeting, gave their answer: yes.

One of the purposes of the American Law Institute, founded 32 years ago by Statesman Elihu Root, is "to promote the clarification and simplification of the law and its better adaptation to social needs." Up for discussion before the institute last week was a Model Penal Code, covering sex and other offenses, which state legislatures can use as a guide. In explaining their approach to sex laws, the code's drafters said: "The code does not attempt to use the power of the state to enforce purely moral or religious standards. We deem it inappropriate for the Government to attempt to control behavior that has no substantial significance except as to the morality of the actor. Such matters are best left to religious, educational and other influences."

By a heavy majority, the lawyers agreed that adultery should not be a statutory crime. Sodomy proved more controversial. In the end, the model code provided criminal penalties for homosexual behavior "involving force, adult corruption of minors and public offense." But a broader provision caused a sharper argument. This clause held that "person who engages in an act of deviate sexual intercourse" commits a crime.

The criminality of sodomy was debated by two of the nation's most eminent jurists. Veteran (29 years) Judge John J. Parker, 69, of the U.S. Fourth Circuit (Richmond) Court of Appeals, opposed the argument that private homosexuality should not be enjoined by the law merely because the law, pragmatically, cannot stop it. Said he: "There are many things that are denounced by the criminal code in order that society may know that the state disapproves . . . When we fly in the face of public opinion, evidenced by the code of every state in this Union, we are not proposing a code which will command itself . . . to the thoughtful members of the profession."

Not so, thought venerable (83) Learned



Don Weir for Fortune
JURIST HAND
Law is worse than no law.

Hand, retired chief judge of the U.S. Second Circuit (New York) Court of Appeals. "Criminal law which is not enforced practically is much worse than if it was not on the books at all . . . I think it [sodomy] is a matter of morals, a matter very largely of taste, and it is not a matter that people should be put in prison about." Judge Hand recalled that he had previously voted to retain the sodomy clause. "I feared the effect, in general, of its omission from the code," he reflected. "I have always been in great doubt about that, and I have finally come to the conclusion that the chance of its precluding the code is not sufficient . . ."

The institute voted, 35 to 24, to uphold Judge Hand's new view and to recommend that sodomy as well as adultery be removed from the list of crimes against the peace and dignity of the state.

THE PRESIDENCY

Heat

Press-conference day dawned brightly in Washington. President Eisenhower, in the added heat of TV lights, faced questions sparked by previous blasts from Senators. "Mr. President," the firing began. "Senator Morse yesterday accused Mrs. Hobby of gross incompetency, and said she should be removed from office."

Sternly, Ike said he would not waste his time on the Morse attack, but would be glad to give an opinion about his Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. Despite some feeling among White House aides that Oveta Hobby's handling of the polio vaccine problem has been less than inspired, Ike gave her a clean bill. Secretary Hobby, he said, is "merely the agent of these great scientists and doctors." It was their testing procedures that were in question, he indicated, and it was their decision to hold up vaccine distribution.

Later in the press conference, the President threw out a hint that the Secretary might have to leave Government for another, personal reason. Said he: "Mrs. Hobby placed me on notice some many months ago." (Her 77-year-old husband, Texas' ex-Governor William P. Hobby, has been seriously ill with arthritis.) "If she has to go," added Dwight Eisenhower, "I will be very, very disappointed . . . She has done a mighty magnificent job."

When the questioning veered again, Ike got a chance to reply to the suggestion that the Big Four conference might result in a Yalta-like sellout. Nobody mentioned the name of California's Senator Knowland, but all knew that the President's intense words, punctuated with a fist-to-desk bang, were addressed to him. "There is no appeasement in my heart," said Ike. "I just can't believe that [Americans] . . . suspect their Government in what is apt to fall into that trap."

What about East-West trade, if, as the President hoped, a new dawn starts to thaw out the cold war? "Trade is the greatest weapon in the hands of the diplomat," but a rigid policy can leave the diplomat empty-handed. Instead of saying, "We won't trade," the U.S. has to say, "When does trade in what things benefit us most and our friends?"

The warm half-hour over, Dwight Eisenhower sighed. "Maybe we need air conditioning," and whisked away to the Burning Tree Club's fairways for a round with two of his favorite golfers, Gene Sarazen and Ben Hogan.

No. 53

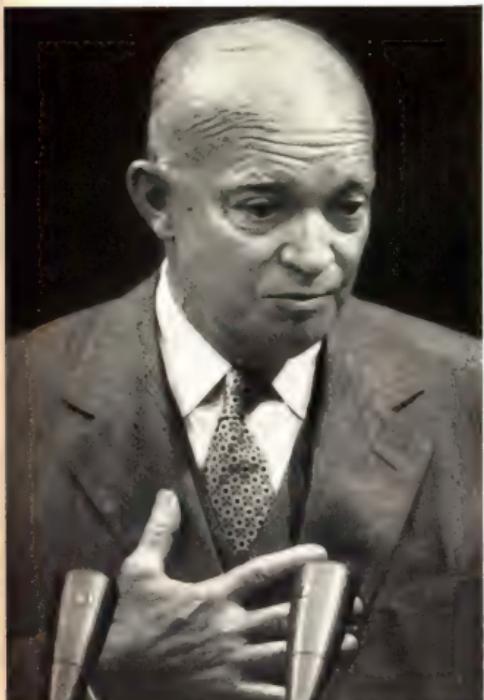
President Eisenhower last week vetoed a bill for the first time this year, the 53rd since taking office. The bill: an 8.8% pay raise for postal workers that would cost \$180 million a year.

Only two of Ike's previous vetoes were of major bills. In 1953 he vetoed an attempt to end the 20% excise tax on movie admissions. Last year he vetoed a 5% postal and civil-service pay raise, partly because Congress had refused to finance it with higher postal rates. Repeating this objection last week, the President spoke of "the imperative need for postal rates that will make the postal service self-supporting and be based on service rendered to the user." Said he: "We can no longer afford to continue a costly deficit operation paid for by millions of taxpayers in amounts out of all proportion to the postal services that they as individuals receive." His other reasons for the veto: the bill (1) discriminates against rural letter carriers, special-delivery messengers and "many" supervisors and postmasters; (2) enormously complicates wage-calculating procedures; and (3) goes beyond his recommendation for a 6½% raise, which is "substantially greater" than the rise in living costs since the last wage levels were set.

Replying to a newsman's question, the President said that not in a long time had he studied anything more earnestly. On Capitol Hill, the bill's backers hoped to override the veto.

* The year under study: 1948. Most adultery arrests: Boston, with 242. The others: Wilmington, Del., 16; Los Angeles four; Baltimore three; Duluth two.

NEWS IN PICTURES

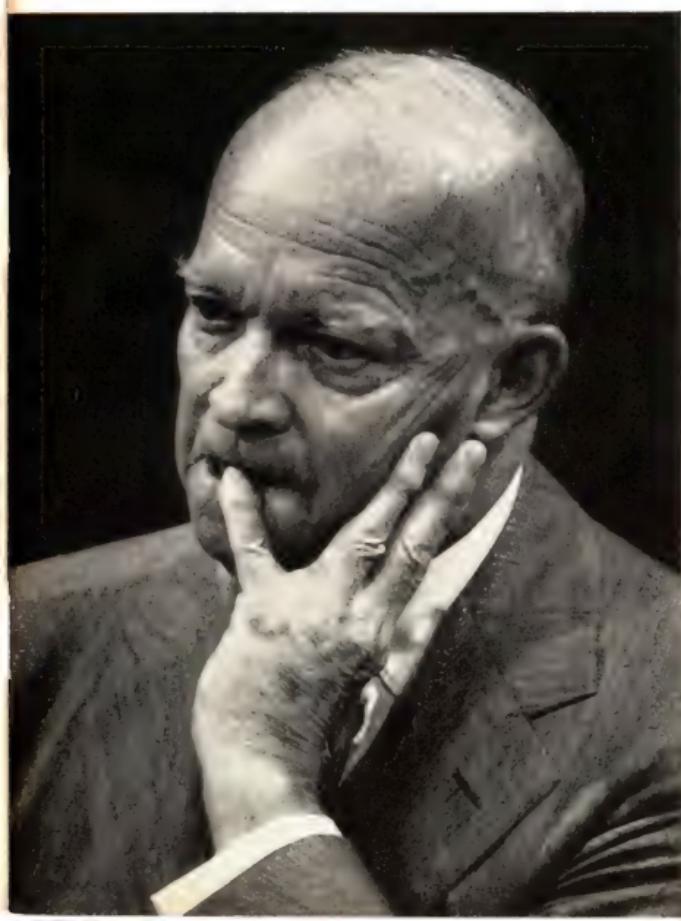
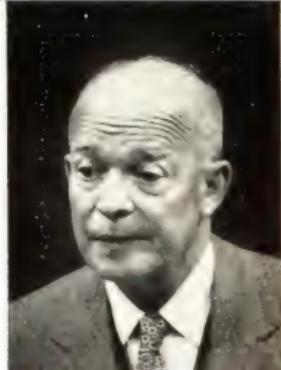


IKE MEETS THE PRESS

IN 69 press conferences as President of the U.S., Dwight Eisenhower has moved a long way from the frequently uneasy edginess of his early days to the controlled assurance of an expert at the art. One thing that has not changed is the range of expressions that pass across the most eloquently mobile face in public life. Under the pressure of questions from the nation's newsmen, the presidential features ripple with concentration as he works to sift out a hidden booby trap or frame a precise reply. As shown in these pictures, taken at last week's conference, he scratches his ear, reflectively rubs his forehead, tugs at his collar or knits his brow as he considers a question, touches his chin or clamps his lips together speculatively to frame a reply, then stares intently at his questioner to see if his answer has been understood. And when he relaxes in humor, his smile, as Sculptor Carl Milles says, "goes three times around his head."

Photographs by T. C. W. and Bennett





CALIFORNIA

Don Juan in Heaven

(See Cover)

The sharp, rhythmic tattoo of a fast buck and wing ricocheted off the tile floor of a Sacramento bathroom one day last week, and echoed through the door. Visitors in the adjoining suite of offices heard distinctly the merry foot-tapping and understood the message it telegraphed: The governor of California was happy.

At 58, Goodwin Jess Knight had most of the things that make men happy: a handsome young wife, two beautiful daughters, a pleasant home, money in the bank. Although half his stomach was removed in an ulcer operation three years ago, he had the health and strength of a Poland boar. He had the job he had always pined for, and was happy in his work. And, despite smog, earthquakes, problems of water supply and the japes of Democratic and Republican politicians, "Goodie" Knight was proving himself a successful, if unusual, governor. California had never—even in the golden age of Earl Warren—been in better shape.

Bats at Twilight. The drum-thumping, backslapping governor had another reason for dancing. For weeks, the rumors that President Eisenhower might decline to run again in 1956 had flittered through Washington like bats at twilight. At the governors' conference, early this month, Goodie had heard them—whispered in Washington corridors, murmured over the transoms of closed doors—and, while he doubted the rumors, he was vastly disturbed. But Goodie Knight, never glum for long, found a silver lining. Last week he made a big decision: if Ike declines the Republican nomination, then Goodie Knight will seek it for himself. "I would certainly like to be President," he told a TIME reporter. "Any politician who is forthright, honest and candid must confess that it is the greatest honor which can come to a citizen. I'm not going to lie to the people, and I'm not going to be coy."

In the political sawdust of California, Goodie Knight is not the only or the leading presidential possibility. Vice President Richard Nixon and Senator William Knowland both have ambitions for the highest office too. The Senator, preoccupied with Asian policy and sometimes out of step with the Eisenhower Administration, is—for the moment—the least favorite son. At his age (46) Bill Knowland can afford to wait until 1960 or 1964. Nixon's hopes are pinned on a possible endorsement by the President in 1960; he is wholeheartedly hopeful that Ike will run again in 1956—and will urge Republican leaders to pick Nixon for Vice President. Knight, virtually unknown and with no visible support outside California, is a very big question mark. But of the three, he is in the most strategic position: with control of California's delegation, he could severely damage any nomination moves by Nixon or Knowland. If Ike is not a candidate next year, Governor Knight

may well become to the 1956 Republican convention what Pennsylvania's Governor John Fine was to the 1952 convention.

Although he was admittedly dancing in the dark, Goodie felt his chances for the nomination would be as good as anybody's in the general melee that would follow an Eisenhower retirement. As governor of the largest Republican state, he expects to go to the 1956 G.O.P. convention with 70 strategic favorite-son votes in his hip



KNIGHT & NIXON*
Dancing in the dark.

pocket. He will have the added psychological advantage of playing host to the convention in his own backyard, at San Francisco's Cow Palace. And if Ike does choose to run—well, the 70 votes might possibly be parlayed into a vice-presidential nomination. In any case, Goodie could wait. He had played a waiting game most of his political life, and he had not really planned to be President before 1960 anyway.

* The Vice President (upper right) addressing a \$100-a-plate Republican dinner in Los Angeles from a bunting-draped hydraulic lift while the governor (lower left) looks up.

The Baby Kiss. Goodie has never been shy about his political ambitions. In 1934, as a young and prosperous Los Angeles lawyer, he campaigned vigorously for Frank Merriam, a colorless, conservative long shot in the G.O.P. gubernatorial sweepstakes. In a stroke of fate, Merriam's opponent, the favored "Sunny" Jim Rolph, died. When Merriam became governor, Knight was paid off with an appointment as Superior Court judge in Los Angeles. "I asked for the job," Goodie admits frankly. "Nobody ever gave me a job in my life. Any man who wants a political job gets it because he asked for it."

The governor is not content with merely asking politely: he seeks what he wants with a whirling, all-out showmanship that horrifies his more conservative colleagues, depresses Democrats, and wins California votes in ever-increasing numbers. Politically, Goodie belongs to an old breed: he is an adroit practitioner of the crushing handshake, the baby kiss, the bellowed platitude, the corny joke, the remembered name. He likes nothing better than an old-fashioned, razzle-dazzle political campaign, and he campaigns every year all year round. His harried staffers estimate that when he is in good form, the governor makes more than 30 speeches a month; during active campaigns, his monthly parades rise to a breathless 250 orations. In the 19 months since October 1953, when he first sat down in the governor's green leather chair, Knight has traveled 95,000 miles around the state and delivered himself of 1,500 speeches. Goodie can think of only three towns in all of California where he has not stumped at one time or another.*

He is known personally by more local politicians and by more average voters than Earl Warren, Bill Knowland and Dick Nixon put together. "Whenever two Californians get together," says Democratic National Committeeman Paul Ziffren gleefully, "up pops Goodie Knight."

"Wholesome Insincerity." When the gubernatorial DC-3, *The Grizzly*, is set down on a California runway, Goodie can always count on a welcoming swarm of local Republicans waiting eagerly on the apron. Goodie has a remarkable memory for names, delivered with a personal greeting, a quip and a hefty whack on the back. On the rare occasions when a minor-league politico confronts him with an unfamiliar name, Goodie lets an inspired look of counterfeit recognition swim into his blue eyes, pokes the pol in the chest and says: "I remember that letter you wrote me." Since virtually every politician in California has written him at one time or another, Knight's gambit almost always works. "He has such a wholesome insincerity," explains Democratic Politician Robert W. Kenny.

Goodie Knight's detractors fault him for acting the clown, for corny jokes and banal speeches, and for talking too much.

* The three: Tulia lake (pop. 927), Eagleville (pop. 423), Solvang (pop. 800).

The charges have a certain validity, but in California, the land of friendly graveyards, three-ring evangelism and the nut-burger, Goody's antics are surefire, and he makes no apology for them. It is also perfectly true that the handsome governor can (and often does) deliver sober, serious speeches; but Goodie has come to the conclusion that small-town Kiwanians and retired oldsters prefer a joke or a community sing to a dull discussion of the funded debt or the road-improvement program.

"Nine, Ten, Eleven . . ." Goodie's threadbare jokes are famous from Yreka to Araz Junction: hundreds of thousands of Californians have heard them. The governor repeats them endlessly, often in flawless dialect or fluent Spanish, always with chromatric timing. Typical is his celebrated "Train Story": Just before the 1948 election, Goodie was strolling through a moving train when he wandered into a line of lunatics being transported to a mental hospital. The guard was counting them off—"one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight"—when he spotted Goodie Knight. "And who might you be?" asked the guard. Replied Goodie: "I'm the next governor of California." "O.K.," said the guard, "get in line . . . nine, ten, eleven, twelve . . ."

Goodwin Knight uttered his first word before he was eight months old—fully four months before he learned to walk. He has hardly stopped for breath since. Last September 20,000 Californians crammed into Hollywood Bowl to hear President Eisenhower give a televised address. Preliminary speeches were so tightly timed that a 24-minute hole suddenly and appallingly opened in the program between the last scheduled celebrity and Ike's broadcast time. Into the breach stepped Goodie. While the President watched goggle-eyed from the wings, the governor clowned, hammed, strutted, ad-libbed, and mesmerized the sardine-packed audience for precisely 24 minutes. As he stepped onstage, the President turned to his escorts and remarked: "This is like sending a batboy in after Babe Ruth."

Sometimes Goodie's talkativeness works against him. Earl Warren, a quiet man, oftentimes referred to his garrulous lieutenant governor as "my walkie-talkie." Once, during his first campaign for lieutenant governor, Knight and Al Kleinberger, his perennial campaign manager, called on a canning tycoon in San Francisco to ask for a campaign contribution. Kleinberger suavely brought the conversation around to money, and the prospect produced his pen and checkbook. Then Goodie took over, talked uninterruptedly for an hour on the virtues of Goodwin J. Knight. When he had finished, the pen, the checkbook, and the smile on the prospect's face had vanished. Goodie left empty-handed.

Most Californians, however, are far from disenchanted with Goodie Knight. His autographed portrait beams from thousands of desks, mantelpieces, and the walls of meeting halls all over the state ("Our little billboards," smiles Klein-



WARREN & KNIGHT (AT LOS ANGELES' JONATHAN BEACH CLUB)
Smiles by Whitaker & Baxter.

Gene Stock

berger, who distributes them by the truckload). Knight's name has become, in the most literal sense, a household word: Los Angeles teen-agers, when they say farewell at night, say "governor," not "good night." Running for the governorship last year, he demonstrated his political prowess with a landslide (551,151 votes) victory over Democrat Richard Graves.

The Silver Fount. He has been fascinated by politics as long as he can remember. At the age of ten, he was attending political speeches. Once, he cut school and bribed a janitor with \$2.50 to let him into an all-female meeting in Pasadena, where William Jennings Bryan was pouring out his oratorical silver. Before he cast his first vote, Goodie had heard Bryan a dozen times—as well as Woodrow Wilson, Hiram Johnson, William Howard Taft, Champ Clark and Theodore Roosevelt. Much of Goodie's political technique derives from his hooky-playing days with the great spellbinders. Says he: "Public speaking meant something in those days. Those men had to speak without microphones to huge crowds. They had to have something to say, and know what they were talking about. It was a system that eliminated phonies. Hell, with the radio, any idiot can make a speech if he can read. It has hurt the country, too. We don't know our candidates like we used to."

Ten Carloads of Horses. Knight's parents both came of solid, pioneer Mormon stock. His maternal grandfather, Judge John Milner, was a British lawyer who went to Provo, Utah for his health, became Brigham Young's secretary, a Mormon, and a fount of culture and learning. When Lillie, the judge's golden-haired daughter, caught the eye of Jess Knight, a local farm lad, Judge Milner influenced Jess to get a law degree after he got

Lillie's hand. Jess and Lillie obediently went off to the University of Michigan. Goodwin Jess,⁹ their second child, was born in a tiny house in Provo in 1896. Father Knight was restless and bored with the law, and when Goodie was still a small boy, the family moved on to Los Angeles, taking along ten carloads of mountain horses to sell in California as a grubstake.

In California Father Jess Knight made a comfortable living as a street and grading contractor who built miles of Los Angeles County's roads. During World War I, he lost his business and nearly \$250,000 in a disastrous municipal-bond investment, but later recouped and became a successful mining speculator. Goodie's boyhood was spent in substantial middle-class ease. His father indulged Goodie and his older sister Dolly, but Lil Knight, an ambitious, talented woman (she was variously a concert singer and a suffragette), preached total abstinence to her children and made free with the peach-tree switch she kept in the kitchen.

The Yell Leader. As a towheaded toddler, Goodie never had to be urged to climb up on a chair and sing or recite for guests. When he reached Manual Arts High School, Goodie swam in his natural element. There was plenty of competition

⁹ The governor's name was no capricious pun; he was named for C. C. Goodwin, a famed editor of the Salt Lake City *Tribune*, and his middle name, like his father's, was a shrewd tribute to Great Uncle Jesse Knight, a multimillionaire mining owner, and one of early Utah's most colorful citizens. One night in a dream, Uncle Jesse received instructions through a "manifestation" (a Mormon expression for a message from on high) to stake a claim at the supposedly worthless Humboldt property. He struck gold, silver and lead, made \$10 million, then gave most of it away to the church and various charities. He was known for the rest of his life as "The Dream Man of Utah."

(among his class of 1915: General Jimmy Doolittle, Frank Capra, Lawrence Tibbett, former Lieutenant Governor Buron Fitts), but Goodie rose like a bubble in a glass of beer to the head of the class. He was yell leader, composer of school songs, star of the debating team, an enthusiastic member of the glee club and the dramatic society, a perennial master of ceremonies and, naturally, president of the student body. In the yearbook the class prediction cast him as governor—or New York.

By the time Goodie graduated, his father was in financial difficulties, unable to send him to college. Goodie went to work as a single jacker in a Nevada mine, pounding out blast holes with a sledgehammer ("Very good for the shoulders," says Goodie) and saved enough money to enter Stanford University. During other college summers, he shoveled coke for the Santa Fe ("Very good for the arms") and drove a delivery truck. At Stanford, doing what came naturally, he quickly became a big man on campus. "He was the eternal sophomore," says Fellow Alumnus Earl Behrens, who became the San Francisco *Chronicle's* political pundit and a close friend of the governor's. "Everyone knew he was around." In college Goodie learned to tap-dance, won a gold medal for debating, permanently dented his nose as a halfback on the rugby team, and was elected class orator. Among the coeds, he was a fickle Apollo.

In 1921, after a year in the Navy during World War I and a semester at Cornell, he passed the California bar examinations (without ever receiving a law degree) and settled down to practice law and accumulate a fortune in gold mining. "But let's face it," says Goodie, "I never forgot about being governor."

In 1924, as a promising young lawyer and the proprietor of a Stutz Bearcat, Goodie met Arvilla Cooley, a dazzling blonde, at a dinner dance in Santa Monica. A year later they were married, and in due course Goodie became the doting father of two more dazzling blondes, Marilyn and Carolyn. Goodie, a mellow and indulgent parent, was surprised when he occasionally struck flint in his daughters' dispositions. When Carolyn was a student at U.S.C., he was curious to know why she had not joined a sorority. "Unlike you, Father," retorted Carolyn. "I feel no need for mass adulation."

Life With Father. Around home, according to the girls, Father was lovable but incompetent. "Every Sunday he would be mumbling about getting out in the back and doing some work," recalls Carolyn, "but all he ever did was walk around with some Soilax and wipe fingerprints off the doorknobs." Goodie apparently suffered the fate of most men who must live in a feminine household.

"The most fun we would have," reports Marilyn (now the wife of Los Angeles Attorney Robert Eaton), "was peeking into his bedroom at night when he was getting ready for a speaking engagement. We'd watch him stand before the mirror in his shorts, dance around like a boxer

with his fists cocked and muscles flexed. He would pull in his stomach and examine his physique from every angle. Mother and us girls would almost die restraining our laughter. I don't think he ever knew we were looking."

In 1952 the laughter came to a tragic end when Arvilla Knight died suddenly of a coronary thrombosis. Goodie was distracted with grief. After months of brooding in a Sacramento hotel room, he finally went about once more and looked up an old acquaintance, Virginia Carlson, the pretty widow of a World War II bombardier, and a poetess of modest talents (*TIME*, May 16). Goodie's prime idea of a big date with Virginia was to take her to the Ontra Cafeteria on Wilshire Boulevard and then to the movies. Eventually the Knight daughters prodded Goodie into taking Virginia on more romantic eve-

In Search of Fun. As a lawyer, Goodie was always prosperous. In 1925 he formed a partnership in Los Angeles with Tom Reynolds, a Stanford classmate. By the time the firm was dissolved in 1934, Knight and Reynolds reportedly had the largest practice in California. But as his legal fees rose, Knight's interest in his business declined. Besides, he was independently wealthy from his mining interests. "After we got prestige, we couldn't afford to accept cases from little people who needed our help. We didn't have any fun." In search of fun, Goodie quit his lush practice and accepted Governor Merriam's appointment as a \$9,000-a-year judge. But in spite of occasional sensations that came his way, e.g., the Barbara Stanwyck-Frank Fay divorce trial, the Mary Astor child-custody case, Judge Knight found the bench as dull as the bar. "I knew exactly how the cases I was trying were going to come out an hour after they began. But a judge can't shut a lawyer up. I used to sit on the bench and write letters, or anything, just to keep occupied. There came a time when I had to get out of it."

For Goodie Knight, the only way out was up. As a judge, he had been quite successful (only 14 reversals in 7,000 decisions), but soon he began to make political noises. If he had a speaking engagement, he simply adjourned court early. In California, as in many states, there are laws about judges dabbling in politics, and it was not long before Democrats and his fellow judges complained about Knight's political activities. But Goodie knew the letter of the law. "Sure, they prohibited it," he snapped, "but they didn't make it illegal."

Knowing the full value of publicity, Goodie took on a couple of radio shows, including one tearjerker, an airing of personal problems known as "Knight Court" ("It was better than Mr. Anthony"). In 1946 Goodie turned his back on the bench, employed the formidable public-relations firm of Whittaker & Baxter (which taught Earl Warren to smile) and ran for lieutenant governor. Goodie gave the voters a dazzling exhibition of stumping and easily slid past his Democratic opponent on election day. But in Sacramento, he discovered that his job was no more exciting than being a judge. As presiding officer of the state senate, he frequently garbled the parliamentary rules and confused the statesmen. When such mixups occurred, Lieutenant Governor Knight was unabashed. "My parliamentarian says I'm wrong," he would genially admit, "I overrule myself."

When the boredom became intolerable, Goodie cracked jokes from the chair and interrupted debate to address the galleries. "Ladies and gentlemen," he sometimes boomed with the aplomb of a circus ringmaster. "I want you to know that just because your able and distinguished Senators down here are sitting with their feet on their desks, reading newspapers, it does not mean they do not know what is going on."



CHICAGO SUN-TIMES
SENATOR KNOWLAND
Willing to wait.

nings, and in time, says Virginia, "he finally took a look at me. Up to then, he had just been talking to me."

Goodie and Virginia were married last summer. Their honeymoon, on a borrowed yacht off Catalina Island, was hectic. A LIFE photographer accompanied the happy couple, and after 24 hours Goodie began to spend most of his time on the ship-to-shore telephone, receiving bulletins on a developing power struggle between Knight's men and supporters of Nixon at the state G.O.P. convention. Within four days, Goodie called the honeymoon off, raced back to the convention. "I hardly saw him at all," lamented the bride. But Virginia Knight recovered in time to compose a poem, which Goodie used as a campaign song.

*Keep California's spirits high,
Put your X beside our guy.
He's the one for whom we cry,
It's Goodie, Goodie, Goodie!*

"They Also Serve . . ." Such horseplay earned Goodie his reputation as a jester. But the job of heir-apparent to the governor was almost too much for his patience. Once, in a mood of despair, he told Republican Assemblyman Tom Caldecott: "I get up every morning, go out on the front porch, unfold the paper, look at the biggest headline and fold it up again. The only news a lieutenant governor of California could possibly be interested in would be that headline."

Goodie and Warren got along tolerably, but Knight was never a real member of the Warren team. On a few issues, e.g., Warren's state health-insurance program and F.E.P.C., Knight openly differed with his chief, but the two were closer politically than many Californians suspected. Through the years, Knight had collected a large following of right-wingers who were opposed to the liberal Warren policies and who figured Goodie was their Knight in armor. Goodie rarely discouraged the reactionaries until he became governor. Then he announced: "I guess the state is just going to have to get used to the fact that I'm no Joe McCarthy."

In 1948, when Earl Warren was the vice-presidential candidate, Goodie decided his time had come. His dismay on the day after the election was acute. "If you think Tom Dewey and Governor Warren are disappointed," he wailed, "think of me. I had the furniture in the governor's mansion rearranged a dozen times." In 1950 Knight, spurred on by his right-wing supporters, announced that he would run against Warren. But when Warren announced his own candidacy, Goodie prudently withdrew.

"Where Can They Go?" When Goodie's great day arrived at long last, and Earl Warren went off to the U.S. Supreme Court, Californians of liberal persuasions expected a calamity. Reactionaries looked to a period of Garfield normalcy. Instead, Knight gave California his own version of Warren liberalism. He proved to be a skilled hand at running the legislature, and, in contrast to the austere, disciplined regime of Warren, he installed a happy, relaxed bipartisan staff (five of his ten top aides are registered Democrats). Last year he openly wooed the labor unions with a promise to veto a proposed right-to-work bill. His courtship won the A.F.L.'s endorsement—to the amazement of the Democrats—and after the 1954 election Goodie kept his promise: the bill was stifled quietly in committee. Wealthy ranchers, who had pushed the bill, were furious and frustrated. "Where can they go?" grinned Lieutenant Governor Harold ("Butch") Powers.

Goodie's biggest fight since becoming governor has been his struggle to save California's "rainy-day fund," a savings account accumulated from wartime surpluses, and which now amounts to some \$70 million. Legislators have eagerly sought to tap the fund for vote-getting largesse. In an effort to save the rainy-day fund, Goodie doggedly proposed added taxes on luxuries. Recently, while

Knight was attending a funeral, the assembly passed an amendment that would have drained off \$30 million from the rainy-day fund. Next day Goodie sprang to action, summoned his key legislators for a dressing-down. The assembly meekly killed the amendment on a motion to reconsider. It took the legislators about three hours to eat their defiance.

The governor walks with a springy step these days. His appetite is big, but between his morning setting-up exercises and the caloric-consciousness of his wife, he has recently trimmed his weight to a muscular 182 lbs. No longer athletically inclined, Goodie keeps in trim by tapdancing and shadow-boxing whenever and wherever the fancy strikes him. His blond hair has silvered satisfactorily, and his

state convention centered around two candidates for assistant state chairman—one a Knight loyalist, the other a Nixon insurgent. Goodie Knight easily managed (with an able assist from Senator William Knowland) to get his man, Multi-millionaire Howard Ahmanson, elected. This month Goodie took a resolution from the California G.O.P. organizations to the President urging him to run again in 1956. Conspicuously, the resolution made no mention of Nixon.

In California, a state where registered Democrats outnumber Republicans by 1,000,000 voters, there is no such thing as a party machine, and politics are played by ear. Nixon has a small following of his own and so has Knight, but the rank-and-file of voters are not organized in fac-



GOVERNOR & MRS. KNIGHT
Also cabbage juice, shadow-boxing and Doublemint.

Bob Lockenbach

craggily handsome face is tanned and as well-created as an heirloom Gladstone bag. Goodie gave up smoking after he got ulcers; instead, he chews up to two packs of Doublemint gum a day. He drinks sparingly, and like many Californians, he is a health-food addict. One of his favorite beverages: cabbage juice.

Pursuit Is All. As Goodie Knight sees his horizon, there is only one threatening cloud: Richard Nixon. Publicly, the governor and the Vice President are on crisp good terms, but in private, Knight regards Nixon as a political upset. The coolness between the two began when Dick Nixon returned to California in triumph after the 1952 Chicago convention. Goodie dutifully turned up at the airport to greet him, but when Nixon's supporters pushed Goodie out of camera range, he felt stung, and huffed back home. The bad blood is still simmering.

Last summer's power struggle at the

tions. Before next year's convention, Goodie Knight, as governor, will probably be able to pick the California delegates personally; if he does, they will be Knight's pawns. Should Nixon force a showdown for control, Goodie will almost certainly beat him and mire down the Nixon-for-President bandwagon. "The best we can do," concedes a Nixon stalwart, "is maybe slip some sneakers in on him."

"Goodie lives in the future," says Democrat Paul Ziffren. "He is a first-rate example of the Don Juan complex in men: the pursuit is everything. Once they get what they're after, they find that having it is not nearly so much fun as chasing it." Goodie's obvious enchantment with his job as governor belies the statement, but much of the fun he gets out of the governorship is the stimulation it gives to his keen anticipation of 1956. If he should step down, Goodie will be off in mad pursuit.

FOREIGN NEWS

EUROPE

The Neutral Gambit

In a suite overlooking the Rhine in the Black Forest resort of Bühlertal, a teletype machine clattered out the text of one of the Soviet Union's most cunning diplomatic plays. Leathery old Konrad Adenauer, vainly trying to rest from his labors as Chancellor of West Germany, watched the words forming, and frowned. Impatiently, *der Alte* picked up the telephone and snapped out a string of orders to his Foreign Office. "I want this thing killed right away," he said. "Kill it. Kill it."

This thing was a Soviet suggestion, made by Foreign Minister Molotov during the signing of the Austrian State

has failed to fragment NATO, has seen France's and Italy's Communists losing strength, has lost his desperate bid to keep a powerful West Germany out of the Atlantic Alliance. Moscow now seems engaged in its own agonizing reappraisal.

"Russia," says a top U.S. diplomat, "is simply not able to do all of the things it wants to do at the same time." The Soviet economy may well be strained beyond capacity in attempting simultaneously to produce nuclear weapons, keep five million men under arms, provide China with the tools and talent for a grandiose industrial buildup, and raise its own living standards.

"Neutral Belt." The new Russian talk is of a vast "neutral belt" extending from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. The idea

and forget if only Tito will join their neutral belt.

Russia's new neutral look was admirably styled to appeal to Europe's current passion for *distensione*, or relaxation of tension. So widespread is this sentiment that few European politicians are willing to disappoint it. Britain's election campaign involves a contest over which of the big parties wants negotiations more eagerly; no French Cabinet dare take office without affirming the same goal.

Surprising Resistance. Professional neutralists, e.g., France's *Le Monde* thought they saw their ship coming in. *Le Monde* advised Frenchmen to adopt "an active neutrality," and *Combat* predicted: "The word neutral will be forced on all those who discredited it." Yet the surprising fact in last week's news was the unsuspected strength of the European resistance to neutral belts. Russian model. French Foreign Minister Antoine Pinay took to TV to tell the French people that German neutrality "would offer Germany all the temptations of the seesaw policy between East and West, the disastrous effect of which we all know so well."

Italian Premier Mario Scelba, worried by the prospect of U.S. forces withdrawing from a neutralized Austria, and thus leaving Italy less protected in the north, went out of his way to insist that for Italy there is no alternative to alliance with the West.

The man with most cause for alarm was most emphatic of all. Fearful that public opinion might push the Western Big Three into a deal with the Russians over Germany's body, Chancellor Adenauer ordered his ambassadors in Washington, London and Paris to hurry home for an urgent conference. "German neutrality is out!" was the word the old man would give them when they arrive this week. To make sure his allies understood, Adenauer indicated that he would speed up legislation to get the West Germans into uniform, try to have it written into law before the Big Four meet.

Adenauer's firm refusal to consider a "neutralized Germany" pinpointed the basic weakness of the Molotov play: it flies in the face of national self-respect. No proud nation, least of all 70 million Germans, is likely to take kindly to the Russians' suggestion that it join a buffer belt of international eunuchs and meekly stand aside from conflicts which might decide its fate. Along these lines, the reaction of Tito's Yugoslavia was symptomatic and instructive. "One of the basic characteristics of a buffer state is the absence of independence," said one paper. Added another: "To imagine Yugoslavia as a passive country which has ceased to appraise events independently means to believe that she has repudiated the conditions of her existence." In such brusque rejections of the notion of "neutrality" lay the germ of a Western answer to the Kremlin's new line.



PREMIER BULGANIN (RIGHT) SPEAKING AT MOSCOW'S BOLSHOI THEATER*

Said *der Alte*: "Kill it. Kill it."

Treaty (TIME, May 23), that the West Germans, too, could make a deal with the Kremlin. Molotov offered German unity and independence—boons which any German Chancellor would find hard to turn down. But the Soviet offer had its price tag: neutrality, and withdrawal from the Atlantic Alliance. Konrad Adenauer believes with all his strength that this would be the death knell of a free Germany.

Prevailing Winds. Adenauer's was the firmest but not the only voice to be raised against Russia's new diplomatic offensive. Whether impressed by Western strength, concerned by their own weaknesses, eager to ride the prevailing winds, or moved by a combination of all these factors, the Communists were acting as if they were anxious to negotiate a temporary letup in the cold war. The situation was once again fluid, and diplomacy was once again out of the trenches.

The Communists had good reason to change their foreign policy. It was not winning. For all his cleverness, Molotov

is that it would serve as a buffer zone between NATO and the Soviet empire. The frontiers of the neutral zone Molotov has not defined, but his clear intention is that it should include the whole of Germany, thus breaching the NATO front.

Work on the "neutral belt" started in early spring when Andrei Gromyko, Molotov's deputy, turned up in Stockholm to sound out the neutral Swedes. Then came the Austrian Treaty, with its show of Russian reasonableness in exchange for Austrian neutrality. Next on the Soviet list is Tito's Yugoslavia, a land which Soviet Premier Nikolai Bulganin described in 1949 as "a camp of imperialism and fascism" transformed by "Judas Tito and his malevolent deserters . . . into a Gestapo prison." This week, the same Bulgarian and Communist Boss Nikita Khrushchev will visit the "Gestapo prison" with what Khrushchev calls "open hearts and pure souls," ready to forgive

* From left: Molotov, Voroshilov and Khrushchev.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Final Week

Britain's two living ex-Prime Ministers did their bit to breathe some fire into the electioneering. "Mr. Attlee is certainly tough," taunted Sir Winston Churchill, "or he would not have kept the lead of his party for so long," but since Labor is so divided, "the best he can do is be a piebald." Replied Clem Attlee: "Sir Winston has always been a bit of a chameleon, a funny little animal that changes color. He began as a Conservative, was a Liberal for 18 years, then an Independent and . . . a Conservative again. I don't know whether that makes him piebald, skewbald[®] or what."

Temper Down, Issues Blurred. Piebald, skewbald or spayed. Britain's first national campaign in 3½ years loped toward this week's Election Day with small enthusiasm. The apathy of the public was matched by wordy routineness on the platform.

Public opinion polls showed the Tories another full point ahead of the Laborites (50.5% to 47%) over the week before; the odds rose to 5 to 1 against Labor. *Sporting Life* even stopped publishing the hookies' figures. For the first time last week, the phrase "Tory landslide" slid into some of the London newspapers, and the *News Chronicle*, on the basis of its Gallup poll, talked of a Tory majority of too or better in Commons (compared to to in the late Parliament).

"The government wants the running to be slow and easy, to keep tempers down and issues blurred," grumped Leftwinger Aneurin Bevan, the campaign's most vigorous performer. Even he conceded: "So far they have succeeded." To console themselves, Laborites reminded one another of Harry Truman and 1948.

No dramatic issue emerged in the campaign. The prospects of Big Four talks cut the foreign policy issue out from

* A skewbald horse is splotched with white and one of several shades of brown; a piebald is black and white.



Kewstone

TORIES (MACLEOD, BUTLER, EDEN & MACMILLAN) ON TV

under Labor, and though the Socialists tried to put all this down to an American preference for the Tories, the fact is that it takes four to have Big Four talks. At Vienna, Russia's Molotov observed shrewdly to Conservative Foreign Secretary Harold Macmillan, "We are helping you to win the election."

Domestically, too, issues were hard to find; Labor's complaints of rising prices were matched by Tory assertions that a vote for Labor was a vote for ration books. The lack of noteworthy issues was generally taken to mean that the country is probably satisfied with its economic well-being and Tory government.

Old-Maidish Restrictions. Laborites taunted that the Tories had forced Sir Winston Churchill out of office seemed to get weight from Churchill's first speeches. Obviously he was irritated at the way Eden & Co. had reversed themselves and grabbed at his "parley at the summit" policy the instant he retired. But Sir Winston was too good a party man to let



YOU CAN TRUST MR. ATTLEE

Cunningham—London Daily Express
TORY VARIATION ON LABOR THEME

SIR ANTHONY EDEN SHOULD TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO REVEAL HIS TALENT AS A PAINTER. HE HAS LOVED IT SINCE HE WAS LEADER . . . — THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN



V. G. D.—London Daily Mirror
"THE OLD MASTER AND HIS PUPIL"



"Both: 'And WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?'"
World Copyright, Manchester Guardian

THE TRIALS OF BECOMING AN M.P.

ANY British subject 21 or over—unless, among other things, he or she is a lunatic, felon, traitor, clergyman, civil servant, member of the House of Lords or one of the Royal Family—may stand for election to the House of Commons. A candidate need not live in the constituency he represents (for 14 years Winston Churchill represented a constituency in Scotland), need not know much about its people or problems, theoretically need not even appear there except for the formalities of campaign time. He does need a \$420 deposit, ten supporters to sign a petition, and the patience to put up with a mixture of restrictions, frugality and party discipline that makes the average U.S. Congressman seem a money-gushing, stenographer-surrounded individualist by comparison.

Selecting. First a candidate for Parliament must get accepted. The national party (Conservative, Labor, Liberal) has to okay him, and he must also be "selected" by the local party's selection committee. Sometimes the national may impose a choice on a local committee, as Labor did last month when it made a Bevanite constituency in Liverpool accept that bulky anti-Bevanite, Mrs. Bessie Braddock (*TIME*, May 9). Locals can be balky. "Constituency-hunting is not an agreeable occupation," confessed the late Alfred Duff Cooper. "I sometimes thought that the members of the small executive committees, 'drest in a little brief authority,' took a certain pleasure in humiliating the candidates who presented themselves for approval." But one advantage of constituency-hunting is that the party can sometimes place its brightest lights (who may not be men with the most popular appeal) in safe constituencies, thus assuring their re-election.

Once formally "adopted" by the local party, a candidate is by law required to hire a campaign agent who, for a set fee of \$210, assumes responsibility for running the campaign, lining up volunteer workers, and keeping a stern eye on every ha'penny.

Financing. Money is one of the candidate's major problems, because the law is so stringent about how much can be spent, and how. The 630 constituencies (five more than last time because of population changes) average about 50,000 registered voters. A candidate in an average rural constituency may spend only \$2,450; an urban candidate about \$2,150. The agent's fee comes out of this; so do all printing costs (a campaign address, or opening statement, must be printed, enveloped and sent to every voter), headquarters'

rent and similar expenses. The candidate himself may spend an additional \$280 for expenses—three or four weeks' worth of transportation, meals, hotel, laundry, etc. A precise accounting of every coin spent must be saved for the Returning Officer, and the law is rigidly specific about what the campaign funds may not be spent for:

¶ Automobiles, gasoline or chauffeurs. These must be donated free and candidates are restricted to one car for every 1,500 to 2,500 voters.

¶ Payments for banners, musicians or music, choirs, phonograph records. Music may be used if donated and if no copyright fees are paid, but regulations are so complex that most campaign experts prefer musicless campaigns.

¶ Treats for the boys at the pub. A candidate may drink Dutch or even accept drinks from constituents, but should he so much as suggest a drink or a cigar on him, he may be invalidated.

If he gets less than 12.5% of the total vote in his division, the candidate loses his \$420 deposit.

Winning. And if he wins he may wonder why—except for the prestige and an urge to serve—he ever bothered to seek the seat. His pay is only \$2,800 a year plus an expense allowance of \$5.60 for each full day he sits in Commons. (U.S. Congressmen get \$22,000 a year.) Out of his salary and allowance he must hire secretarial help, maintain himself in London, entertain constituents who "look in" at the House, and maintain at least a minimum of the front expected of a member of the Queen's Parliament. Of some 40 M.P.s who announced they would not seek re-election this time, several quit for financial reasons. "I just can't live on the salary," said Captain Robert Ryder, winner of the Victoria Cross for leading the naval forces in the raid on St. Nazaire in 1942. It is an open secret that Laborite M.P.s are occasionally helped along by allowances from trade unions, and Conservatives by appointments to the boards of sympathetic companies.

Once elected, an M.P. must submit to party discipline (the whip) in a way that any U.S. Congressman would consider intolerable. Occasionally a maverick like Churchill or Bevan has defied his party's leadership, has survived and even profited by doing so. But increasingly, to a degree that disturbs many Britons, the average M.P. must check his personal opinions at the door of Commons, voting on crucial matters as the party chieftains and their whips tell him. Otherwise, he may find someone else next time favored for Selection and accepted for Adoption.

personal pique last the whole campaign. He tore into Labor "with all its paraphernalia of restrictions and regulations . . .," lauded Sir Anthony as "a statesman long versed in parliamentary and cabinet government," and urged Britons to give him "generous and effective support." And in Essex he answered the Labor charge in his own way: "I gave up my office and responsibility because I thought it was my duty. I did not feel that at my age I should incur new and indefinite responsibilities."

Both sides made hesitant, amateurish use of TV, handicapped by their own fears of it, and by the old-maidish restrictions of the government-owned BBC. On one TV press conference, Prime Minister Eden gathered his Cabinet stalwarts about him. There was only one declared enemy among the newsmen. "The criticism most frequently made of you," said pro-Labor Editor Hugh Cudlipp, ". . . is that you are not well versed in home affairs . . . What do you feel?"

"Perfectly fair criticism, Mr. Cudlipp, perfectly fair," replied Eden, smoothing his hair. "On the other hand, I have sat in Cabinets on and off for 20 years . . . and I'm afraid I have said more than somewhat sometimes about domestic affairs."

This week some 30,000,000 Britons will decide whether, for another five years, Anthony Eden will have more than something to say about their affairs.

FRANCE

The Wine-Dark Sea

Through the winter, young Bertrand Peyrelongue gazed at the vineyards surrounding his ancient château on the Gironde and mourned the lost days when fine wines were treated with the respect they deserved. Those were the days when the vineyard *patrons* of the sun-kissed Médoc district personally carried their finest Bordeaux vintages across the Channel and sold them at a Thames quayside to discriminating London vintners. "A good wine," said Bertrand, "should have personal attention. It is a *patron's* duty."

As spring's tender new shoots peeped from the wintry canes of his vines, Bertrand's plans were made. His own 47-foot cutter *Lord Jim* hung impatiently at her mooring on the Gironde. Her lockers were tenderly stowed with the finest output of the local vineyards—mellow St. Emilion, authoritative St. Estéphe and provocative Pomerol, 70 sample bottles, all poised at just the proper angle to preserve their bouquet for the Londoners. A crew of three was mustered under Bertrand's own command to guide the cargo to snub haven, and when all was in readiness, the anchor was raised.

For three days *Lord Jim*, her crew and cargo sailed down the river, into the sea and towards England without incident. Then, without warning, the gales came, and the little vessel scuttled helpless before the wind to a point some 80 miles south of Penzance. With his course lost and his crew demoralized, Captain Peyrelongue made a suggestion, "Suppose," he



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GOOD YEAR

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Western BRASS

Remember when a cook's idea of making good coffee called for dropping a raw egg into the hot pot to settle the grounds? Modern, automatic coffee makers are a far cry from those days and the fine coffee they turn out is only part of the appeal they have for the homemaker. Another part is the accent

rich, polished chrome adds to a table setting. Many manufacturers of products for the home have turned to Western copper or brass because of the fine finish they can apply to the better metal

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said, "we break out a few bottles." Holding their glasses delicately, as connoisseurs should, between thumb and forefinger, the four voyagers sampled some Pomerol and found it good. Next morning they were fogbound.

After that, for days, fog followed wind only to be followed in turn by more fog. Tossed about the Channel like flotsam, *Lord Jim's* crew found little to occupy themselves but an occasional tune on the guitar by Bertie de Castelbajac—and of course—an occasional bottle of wine.

Last week, just 14 days after weighing anchor in the Gironde River, the crew of the cutter *Lord Jim* brought their craft up the Thames. All was well at last, with only one minor drawback—of all the bottles carefully laid away in *Lord Jim's* lockers, only ten still contained wine. "Ah, well," mused Guitarist de Castelbajac, as his captain faced London's vintners with somewhat empty hands, "some wine, it just does not travel."

Narrow Choice

"Every hour counts, every hour lost may be paid for in blood and disorder," cried Paris' *Combat*. Last week the fate of France's empire in North Africa continued its lurch toward decision. Both sides—the Arabs, who impatiently demand a measure of independence, and the French colonists, who would deny it to them—knew it.

Into Tunis stormed aroused *colonies* (overseas Frenchmen) from neighboring Morocco and Algeria. They came to join their Tunisian counterparts in angry protest against Premier Edgar Faure's agreement with Habib Bourguiba, leader of Tunisia's moderate Arab nationalists, which would grant Tunisians substantial control over their country. "There can be no French grandeur without French North Africa!" the *colonies* proclaimed.

Speakers loudly condemned Resident General Pierre Boyer de la Tour, who had summarily deported the Tunisian leader of the diehard *Présence Française* for his defiant utterances. Cried Dr. Georges Causse, head of the Moroccan *Présence Française*: "Tunisia is being sold out by a gang of rascals and traitors . . . If France abandons us, the love we have for her will turn to hatred. We will fight by all means in our power, and we will come out into the streets even if it means being killed."

Down From The Hills. Impatient Arab nationalists also recognized that their fate was tied to the success of the Tunisian settlement. In Algeria and Morocco, terrorists stepped up their activities. They stormed through Casablanca's native quarters, firing sporadically at native troops and French police, hurling bombs at French homes.

In Algeria, which Frenchmen fondly imagine they have made a part of metropolitan France by simple administrative fiat, rebels emerged from their Aurès mountain stronghold, went marauding through the Constantine countryside in bands of 80 to 100, cutting telegraph

lines, tearing up railroad tracks, and on three occasions boldly attacking police and army patrols. Hopping about the troubled area in a helicopter, Algeria's Governor General Jacques Soustelle admitted: "The situation is serious."

All week long in Paris, Premier Faure conferred worriedly amidst a din of newspaper alarm. For Morocco and Algeria he could offer only promises for the future, enforce stern measures for the present. He ordered ten infantry battalions, a reconnaissance regiment and 2,000 policemen to Algeria, bringing the French forces there to 100,000—20,000 more than the French expeditionary force remaining in Indo-China. "Repression will be pitiless," warned Minister of the Interior Maurice Bourgès-Maunoury. Grappling with



Pierre Bourguiba

TUNISIA'S BOURGUIBA
An ideal can always find a gun.

Tunisian problem, Faure talked Bourguiba into postponing his scheduled triumphant return to Tunis after three years of exile, and ordered negotiations for a final settlement resumed immediately.

Point of Departure. Faure was well aware that his field of choice was narrow. Fail to satisfy the *colonies'* demands, and he might bring his own downfall at the hands of the 50 Deputies headed by ex-Premier René Mayer, who represent the rich *proto-colonial* lobby in the Assembly. Fail to satisfy the demands of the Arab moderates, and France might eventually lose all North Africa.

Warned the usually mild Bourguiba last week: "The agreements are a point of departure, and I'm for them as such. But they must work in practice and they must eventually go all the way to independence. Otherwise, there'll be trouble in North Africa, and it won't be just a matter of extremists. We'll all be extremists, and I'll be leading them." He added dramatically: "When a man is ready to die for an ideal, he can always find a gun."

SPAIN

Bargaining Point

One of the minor irritants in Dictator Francisco Franco's steady pursuit of world esteem has been the continued existence of small groups of Spanish non-Communist democrats in exile. What particularly irritates Franco is the suspicion that France, which supported the Loyalist Republican government, is still giving financial aid to Loyalist exiles, and paying the rent for Republican headquarters in Paris. With each change in French government, the Spanish ambassador has gone across to the Quai d'Orsay to ask that the subsidy, whatever it is, be withdrawn. Recently Franco has found a way to put a real squeeze on the French.

In their portion of the Arab sultanate of Morocco, the French were having so much trouble with the Arabs that they found it necessary to depose popular Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssouf and to replace him with the ineffective Sidi Mohammed ben Moulay Arafat. The switch aroused widespread resentment in Spanish Morocco, a resentment which Franco's Fascist radio was not averse to exploiting.

Last week the French Foreign Office officially denied that it had made a deal with Franco to withdraw aid from the Loyalist exiles in return for a soft-pedaling of anti-French activity among the Arabs in Spanish Morocco. For the French to admit withdrawing aid from the Loyalists would be to acknowledge that in the past it had been given. But Spanish democrats, with small hope of unseating Franco, were preparing for a setback in the French help that had sustained them through 16 years of exile.

THE NETHERLANDS

"Rather Unusual Phenomenon"

Her Majesty Queen Juliana regretted that she would be unable to attend the gala concert of the visiting Philadelphia Orchestra as planned. Late into the evening, Her Majesty would be compelled to spend her time sorting out that most un-Dutch of royal embarrassments: a Cabinet crisis. "A rather unusual phenomenon in the Netherlands," the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* termed it. "But there are moments in life." The *Het Parool* of Amsterdam told its readers, "when one has to make a decision."

Premier Willem Drees, a walrus-mustachioed Laborite whom Dutchmen respect for his honest stolidity, was suddenly out of a job. He had made the mistake of proposing a rent-increase bill that satisfied no one. Everybody agreed that something had to be done about housing (one family in six still has to share with another), but Dutch housing is bedeviled by a shortage of building workers, by wage controls that destroy incentive, by cartels that keep material costs high, and by inequitable rent controls (rents have been allowed to go up 40% on prewar houses, while the cost of living has gone up 200% since 1939). Premier Drees'

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makeshift bill did little to overcome all this. In the Netherlands such difficulties are usually worked out discreetly among the big parties, the Laborites and Catholics, who sit together in the Cabinet (along with the Calvinist Anti-Revolutionary Party and the Christian Historical Union) in a kind of gruff but reasonable coalition. But this time Premier Willem Drees let the argument get to a vote, and Parliament doggedly overruled him 50-48 (with two members absent). There was nothing else to do. Premier Willem Drees, the ex-stenographer who had run The Netherlands for six uninterrupted years on a welfare-state platform, trotted off to the Queen to resign.

ITALY Man of Many Lives

In his long career of violence and intrigue, Italy's Communist Boss Palmiro Togliatti has proved himself a man of many lives. He escaped a Fascist firing squad in 1922 an instant before the rifles went off. A raid by comrades rescued him from a Spanish death sentence in 1939. He survived three assassins' bullets in 1948. Luck and a surgeon who bored four holes in Togliatti's skull saved him after a severe automobile crash in 1950.

Last week the man of many lives was waging another match with death. On May Day Togliatti journeyed to Trieste to deliver Italian Communism's principal May Day speech. He also had to tackle a serious jurisdictional problem that flared up when Italy regained control of Trieste, and threatens to heat up further if Yugoslavia and Russia come closer to a reconciliation. The Trieste Communist Party has a heavy Slovene membership, and its fiery boss, Vittorio Vidali, is resisting Togliatti's efforts to take over the Trieste party now that Trieste is Italian again. Togliatti devoted part of his May Day speech to telling the Slovene Reds in effect that they must submit to Rome.

Words of Lava. Togliatti's characteristically effective oratory flowed like lava across the big crowd in Trieste's Valmaura sports stadium. As he spoke, the hot sun beat down on him. Suddenly, after 45 minutes of his harangue, Togliatti gasped and slid heavily into a nearby chair. His secretary and girl friend, Leonilde Iotti, handed him an aspirin tablet; Togliatti swallowed it, then stood up, apologized for "my slight indisposition" and finished his speech in a few minutes.

His aides spirited Togliatti off to an obscure villa owned by a party member, surrounded it with guards, summoned Trieste's best neurologist and telephoned Rome for the doctor who had operated on Togliatti's skull in 1950. "Venous congestion due to sunstroke," the doctors said in a joint communiqué; language had in it the suggestion that Togliatti had been struck down by a blood clot. It was plainly more than "indisposition," as Togliatti's own doctor let slip some days later. "It must not be forgotten, the state of tension of the honorable Togliatti on that day," said Dr. Mario Spallone, and added, as if



TOGLIATTI & SECRETARY IN TRIESTE
Holes in the head.

trying to put all the blame on recalcitrant Comrade Vidali: "This tension was due to a very special political situation."

Imperial Procession. For several days, Togliatti could not be moved. Then, surrounded by an imperial procession of bodyguards, doctors and attendants, he was borne on a stretcher to a special railroad car. Overnight the train moved slowly to Rome. An ambulance whisked Togliatti off to his home in Monte Sacro.

The Communist daily *L'Unità* insisted at first that Togliatti had "a light and passing ailment," but later conceded that it was a little more serious. One day last week, as all Italy began to speculate on Togliatti's health and future, a medical bulletin announced that Togliatti had been able to spend some time on his feet: "He is untouched by paralysis."

Some Rome diplomats suspect that Togliatti, now 62, may have suffered a severe apoplectic stroke.

"I think the chances are ten to one that Togliatti is finished as an effective top-level Communist boss; physically, he just won't be up to it," said one diplomat.

Only Togliatti's intimates know how ill he really is and whether the time has come at last to pick a successor for the man whose will, resilience and strength built Italy's Communist Party into the largest (2,000,000 members by non-Communist estimate) and most persistently threatening (6,000,000 votes in the 1953 election) in the Western world.

RED CHINA Private Assurances

"To ease tension in the Formosa area," said Communist Chou En-lai in a speech broadcast from Peking last week, "the Chinese Government is willing to sit down and enter into negotiations with the U.S. Government . . . The Chinese people have two possible means to liberate Formosa,

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namely by war or by peaceful means. The Chinese people are willing to strive for the liberation of Formosa by peaceful means, so far as it is possible." This was substantially what Communist Chou had said after Bandung last month and, with its familiar qualifying clauses, seemed hardly calculated to advance the chances of a cease-fire in the Formosa Straits.

But India's fellow-traveling Ambassador Krishna Menon this week came out of Peking, after 30 hours of talks with Chou and Mao Tse-tung, full of feeling that peace was in the air: "The talks were very useful. We can look forward with hope." He added that he thought Red China would release the 15 imprisoned U.S. airmen "very soon," and confidently predicted that U.S.-Red China talks would be set up within 60 days.

SOUTH VIET NAM Farewell to Saigon

Unexpectedly, the French agreed last week to withdraw the combat troops of their 80,000-man expeditionary corps from the capital city of Saigon into embarkation zones on the coast. French Commissioner-General Paul Ely, who had underestimated the staying power of Premier Ngo Dinh Diem, asked to be relieved of his command. Eagerly, in Freedom Palace young Vietnamese Nationalist officers worked out the details of the takeover that would give the Vietnamese effective control of Saigon for the first time in 90 years. Just to show that individual Frenchmen would always be welcome in his country as friends, Premier Diem gave a party for some French navy men who had helped bring refugees south. The danger that South Viet Nam's confused struggle for power might turn into anti-French violence subsided.

Premier Diem and his followers got another piece of good news: Communist Ho Chi Minh agreed, in response to a British request, to a month's extension of the deadline after which anti-Communist refugees will not be allowed to leave Communist Viet Nam. Nearly a million refugees have already left: thousands more hope to get away, but now are at the mercy of Ho's Red army, which controls all the escape lanes.

SOUTH AFRICA The Union in Danger

Rent last week by a constitutional crisis, South Africa was agitated by fears that the Union formed after the Boer War might be put asunder.

After the Boer rebellion was crushed in 1902, the British had tried generosity. The constitution of the new Union of South Africa provided for a Senate with equal membership from each of the four provinces in the Union. It is this equilibrium which is threatened by the Senate-packing bill introduced a fortnight ago by Prime Minister Johannes Gerhardus Strydom (TIME, May 23).

Strydom's bill provides for eight new Senators to be nominated by Strydom's

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Johannesburg Star

NATIONALIST HAVENGA
Hard to ignore.

government, 33 more to be chosen by the majority parties in Transvaal and Cape Province. Since the Boer Nationalists are in power in both big provinces, the bill would give the Strydom government a clear two-thirds majority in a joint session of Parliament—enough to override South Africa's constitution. Strydom's first objective is to disenfranchise the 45,000 mixed-blood folk who still have votes in South Africa, but once he has the power, many South Africans fear that he will use it to establish a one-party Boer Republic, in which Britons, Jews and Negroes would be second, third and fourth-class citizens.

Het Volkje. Explaining the government's case, Minister of Labor Jan de Klerk, Strydom's brother-in-law, said: "God is sovereign and his sovereignty is vested in *het volkje* [the folk], who vest it in their chosen rulers. We therefore have the right to determine what must be done, and nobody else has received that power from the Creator." Answered Harry Lawrence, leader of the Opposition in Cape Province: "I resent the implication that there is a partnership between God and Strydom—and that Strydom is the senior partner."

British South Africans, most of whom stood by indifferently while the Nationalists suppressed the blacks, rose in solemn wrath now that their own liberties were threatened. In the sugar-growing coastal province of Natal, where the British outnumber the Boers by better than three to one, there was talk of secession. But the opposition that counted most arose where it was least expected: among the Boers themselves. Thirteen Nationalist professors and senior lecturers at the Afrikaans University of Pretoria condemned the Senate-packing bill on the grounds that it would violate the principles of the constitution, destroy the rights of minorities, change the political structure of South

Africa without popular consent, possibly destroy the Union.

Angry Voice. Strydom's reaction was to dismiss his Boer critics as backsliders. But one angry voice he would find it hard to ignore: that of stubborn old Nicolas Havenga, 78, Deputy Premier in Daniel Malan's Nationalist government and once Strydom's rival for power. At week's end, Havenga spoke out from retirement. "I am unhappy about this bill," Havenga said. "It may be constitutional but even Nationalists are unhappy about it. The two parties should make a new approach . . . This upheaval going on won't do the country any good."

THE CONGO Changed Young Man

The trees swarmed with black urchins and the crowds along the road shouted "Vive le Roi!" as Leopoldville welcomed young (25) King Baudouin to the Belgian Congo's steamy, metal-rich and thriving jungleland. Resplendent in white-and-gold uniform, Baudouin was the first Belgian monarch the Congo had seen since 1928, when grandfather Albert I visited a far less prosperous and bustling Congo.

Many of Leopoldville's 20,000 Belgians were not prepared in advance to be much impressed by their young king. "That infant," snapped one sun-helmeted businessman as he watched Baudouin's arrival in a Sabena DC-6 airliner. The colonists had seen too many prim, unsmiling photographs of the bespectacled King, watchfully flanked by his father, ex-King Leopold, and his purposeful stepmother. But a change seemed to have come over shy King Baudouin the moment he left Brussels. He became relaxed, friendly and informal—a man on his own. On the plane, he insisted on getting himself sprayed with "baptismal" water with the rest when the plane crossed the equator. At banquets and state occasions, Baudouin scorned the special salons reserved for the royal party, shook hands with everybody, exchanged courtly pleasantries with the colony's ladies, disrupted schedules by lingering long past protocol deadlines—at one party until 1 a.m. Scheduled to deliver a formal address at Leopoldville's huge, open-air stadium, Baudouin looked out over a crowd of 80,000 people, noticed many fainting under the broiling sun. He unceremoniously took a penknife and cut his prepared speech in half.

The speech, too, was welcome to those Belgians in the Congo who have been smarting under the advice from U.N. committees. Particularly, the U.N. had deplored Belgium's refusal to allow the natives any political voice whatever. "We must be inspired by our own consciences, and our duties," said Baudouin pointedly. "These can be dictated to us only by ourselves, who thoroughly know Belgian Africa. We know what imperatives are imposed upon us by our sovereignty, and this sovereignty must be exercised by us—without sharing." In other words, Belgium's particular paternalism (*TIME*, May 16) would continue to prevail.

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With indications that 1955 will bring millions of tourists to Boston and New England, the Parker House again plans to send without charge its popular brochure "Boston is a Browsing Town", to those who request it. It is a colorful guide to Boston's multitude of historic shrines and points of interest. As long as the supply lasts, copies will cheerfully be sent to anyone writing name and address on a postal card and mailing it to the Parker House, Boston 7, Massachusetts. *Rooms begin at \$6.00. All have circulating ice-water, private bath, 4-network radio. It is suggested that when possible guests make reservations in advance.

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FRANCE: THE YOUNGER GENERATION

Reported TIME Correspondent Stanley Karnow from Paris:

AMERICA'S youngsters, born rich or poor, have opportunity, and can take it to guide their own destinies. Their fathers may be pants cutters, college professors or margarine magnates, but they can run for Vice President, discover vaccines, smash the atom, teach Latin, or, in the Mitty manner, dream violently of heroic adventure.

French youth dares not dream. It must face a reality partly restricted by tradition, partly by history, partly by the failure of its nation's leaders to govern wisely and fairly. France is a land of rock-bound social strata. Her younger generation is locked at birth into firmly built cellblocks from which escape is virtually impossible and even temporary parole difficult.

To an American, accustomed to noting similarities between youngsters in Maine and California, there are few stereotypes that could easily describe French youth. He is not a crew-cut kid with a souped-up V-8. He is not a bronzed three-letter man with his steady blonde on his arm. He is not an eager-eyed young executive in a pink shirt, a dynamic young labor leader with a law-school degree, or a scholarly young physicist reporting confidently to a battery of television cameras.

"In fact," said a young Paris civil servant, "there is no such thing as French youth. There are young students, young farmers, young workers, young merchants—each part of a class. Each group lives and grows within the frontiers of its own domain, discouraged from emerging by barriers of money, family, profession, taste or education. Each feels bound more to its class than to its generation."

Class boundaries in France are often as rigid as Hindu caste lines. Liberty, fraternity and equality may be chiseled all over public buildings; but the habits and prejudices of an old, well-sifted society are stronger than republican slogans. The dentist's daughter never elopes with the local garage mechanic. The shoemaker's son rarely rises to a professorship at the Sorbonne. The businessman's boy would never think of devoting his life to farming or even less of entering the civil service. A schoolteacher's child can conceivably become a successful lawyer, and a winegrower's son, with luck and capital, may operate a thriving tractor agency. One can be perfect—for a limit.

Yet for all the variety in their background, income, jobs, accent and future, there is a common feeling threading through the different levels of French youth. It is some mixture of disorientation, disgust, disinterest, disappointment and disenchantment, all resulting in *méfiance*—a distrust of the powers that be. There is, lying deep down below the soil, a seed of revolt. It may never burst into violent revolution. But it wants change.

THE PAST IS NOT ENOUGH

TO YOUTH, brooding, sulky and largely inarticulate, practically everything in France is wrong. The bright hopes of the Liberation have tarnished rapidly. The promising young politicians who led France to freedom have become part of the sticky, self-perpetuating system. Since World War II money has been inflated so badly that thrift is no longer considered a virtue. The army lost face in 1940 and lost its cadres

in Indo-China. Patriotism became meaningless during the apaiseement days of the '50s, has since been shouted into lowliness by Communists and diehard nationalists. The national economy has been cemented into an immobile Maginot Line for the defense of the nervous and unimaginative cartels at the top benefit the industrialists, social security and subsidies at the bottom take care of the workman and the farmer.

And in both Russia and the U.S., young France sees mushrooming technological civilizations, and doubts if it can ever catch up to them. Observed André Labarthe in the highbrow magazine *La Nef*: "French youth discovers itself harnessed to a chariot that has been bogged down for 50 years and whose drivers can only look backwards."

Turning back to past glories, especially to the prosperous days of 1900, is a current French fad. To youth this fashion seems only an attempt to camouflage the weaknesses of the present. Whatever his class, the young Frenchman has during the past ten years watched the old institutions crumble, has seen nothing new emerge to take their place. Instead, he has been offered economic stagnation, social emptiness and political hypocrisy, all smothered in flowery oratory and nostalgic festivity.

He wants real leadership badly, and sometimes talks as though he would settle for a "strongman." When former Premier Mendès-France outlined a program to benefit youth last fall, he found a cautious but widespread response. Unfortunately, it didn't last. After Mendès' fall, France's younger generation slid back into collective indifference. Like his elders, the French youngster has come to believe in everyone-for-himself.

Three years ago, in a letter to the Paris daily, *Le Figaro*, a 22-year-old girl expressed a bitterness that is still prevalent. "Since the Liberation," she wrote, "we have seen all our illusions destroyed, our spirits broken, our hopes deceived. We have given up everything. We believe in nothing. Our only interest is in the struggle for our own personal subsistence."

Through no fault of its own, France's younger generation has during the past two centuries been herded behind the demographic eight ball. For 200 years the French population has been getting progressively older. Since the mid-18th century, medical progress has contributed to increasing longevity, while wars and depressions have contributed to reducing the birth rate. In 1775, 7% of the population was over 60; today 16.2% of French people are that old. The median age has risen slowly through the 19th century, is now 35.7 years, the oldest in the world.

EDUCATION'S TOOLS ARE RUSTY

THE French youngster gets his first real taste of frustration when he starts school. France's obsolete educational system (TIME, May 23) is short on opportunity and long on tradition. Of the 2,857,000 youngsters of both sexes between the ages of 15 and 19, fewer than 800,000 are in public or private secondary schools—the majority of them (56%) the sons of comfortable professional and business families. Of the next level, agriculture and labor—which represent two-thirds of the French population—send less than 3% of their children to a university.

Even if education were democratized, schools and universities would not have the physical plant to handle more youngsters. And low teachers' salaries—usually running to less than \$130 a month in *lycées*—have discouraged brighter graduates from going into elementary or secondary education. As a result, the level of student ability is falling seriously. Secondary school teachers are signaling widespread weakness in basic subjects—spelling, grammar, etc. Latin Quarter habitués are floured by the average student's lack of intellectual curiosity. "They never discuss anything interesting," insisted a graduate student of religious history. "They simply sit in their cafés and talk about women or sports." Snorted a young tutor: "Students these days are barbarians."

Student organizations are agitating for salaries, calculate that 67,000 of the country's 160,000 university students need something like a minimum of \$60 a month for room and board. The Vespa motor scooters along the Rue de la Sorbonne belong

to the well-to-do, and they belie the fact that life on the Left Bank these days is not gay and carefree. Students don't live in the hothouse atmosphere of dormitories and campus, going to sorority dances and ragging underlings. They spend their lives plodding between classes, cafés and their tiny rooms, eating minimal meals in canteens and occasionally treating themselves to a movie. "We should have had something like the G.I. Bill of Rights," sighed one 28-year-old graduate. "That would have made us a strong generation."

SECURITY FIRST—AND LAST

THREE is practically no unemployment in France, and at the same time practically no opportunity.

"Culture is what remains when everything else is forgotten," runs an old French proverb. Consequently, upper-bracket tradition has it that youth studies the classics. The liberal professions are overcrowded. Hundreds of philosophy, literature and history majors appear as candidates for a handful of university teaching jobs; openings for scientists outnumber applicants. Complained a government official recently: "We need seven scientists for one philosopher, and we're being supplied with the contrary."

A 27-year-old graduate of the topflight Institut d'Etudes Politiques went six months before finding his first job, finally got work as a bank clerk, eventually drifted into journalism, earns less than \$200 monthly. "In America you can make money doing something you don't like," he complains. "Here you usually have to do something you don't like, and you don't make any money either."

More than 40% of France's population lives in rural areas, and some 2,000,000 young men and women work in agriculture. The agricultural pie has been sliced up time and again, until a good-sized farm in France hardly exceeds 50 acres. Such small-farming (although a land reformer's dream) does not make much economic sense and exists largely because of government subsidy—e.g., Napoleon subsidized sugar-beet growers during the British blockade, and they are still subsidized. The eldest son of a farmer can stay around and hope to earn a living from the small acreage, but usually the other children must clear out. Some try to get jobs in the local village as administrators or market workers. Most of them—some 100,000 a year—drift into cities, unprepared to face industrial life, find menial factory jobs as unskilled laborers.

Labor is helpless in France. Both union and management expect the government to solve their disputes for them instead of working out solutions with any basis in economic fact. Internal warfare between Socialists and Communists within the same trade unions injects politics even into everyday grievances. Many workers want no part of either party and have quit the unions altogether. As the saying goes in labor circles: "The biggest union in France is the disunion of the unaffiliated."

Almost 2,500,000 French men and women between the ages of 15 and 30 work in industry, earn pitifully small salaries, live in slums and have little hope for the future. Social security, introduced on a large scale by the Popular Front government in 1936 specifically to benefit workers, has in a paradoxical way also contributed to a split between youth and its elders in the labor movement. The vast wave of agitation for better conditions that swept through the early '30s was largely led by family breadwinners. Today, with allotments for children (ranging from \$10 a month for one child under five to \$80 for four children), workers with families have gone into a different kind of income bracket from the young bachelors or the young marrieds. If the young workers in the factories want to strike for benefits today, they would have to go it alone. Thus in an odd manner the welfare state has blocked another path for genuine improvement of conditions.

Youngsters start in factories—at half pay—at the age of 14 and tend to become industrial D.P.s. As the head of a young workers' center described them: "Youth at work, in effect, is not in school, not in the family, not in the unions, not in youth movements, not in political parties. It doesn't vote; it doesn't pay taxes. It goes to the movies three times a week, plays the pinball machines in cafés, flits through the dance halls, attends boxing and football matches and jaywalks."

STRUGGLE FOR A ROOF

FOR the younger generation in the city, the major preoccupation is the housing shortage (caused principally by rent control imposed to protect the younger generation after World War I). Campaigns are organized for rooms for students, newspapers are filled with appeals for apartments, and common dinner conversation in any milieu invariably turns to talk of the housing shortage. Last year the Paris police department made a sampling of living conditions, concluded that 37.5% of the city's population was living in dwellings judged "insufficient" or "very insufficient." For the younger generation things are even worse: 55.5% of those married between 1950 and 1954 are unsuitably housed. Thousands of youngsters shiver in *chambres de bonnes*, tiny maids' rooms atop Paris apartment houses, without running water and heat, and only a single toilet for the entire floor.

Even in the most comfortable middle-class families, housing can become a psychological problem for youth. A 25-year-old fashion designer earns \$230 a month, a whopping salary for her age. But she must live with her parents. It would cost half her wage to find a furnished flat with the comfort she now has; it would take \$3,000 "key money" to get an unfurnished apartment. "It could be worse," she says philosophically. "but it's had enough. I can't give a party, I can't invite someone in for a drink. If I come home early, my mother worries that I'm unpopular. If I stay out late, she gets concerned about my morals. I'm head and shoulders above most people my age, and I don't enjoy simple independence."

At the other end of the scale is Jean Bérard, a 26-year-old railway worker. Bérard wanted to get married at 21, after doing his 18-month military service, but he couldn't find a room. He and his fiancée postponed their wedding again and again, eventually decided to go through with it, lived with his or her family for two years. Finally, in desperation, they moved into roomier quarters with an uncle on a chicken farm in the Landes, the sparsely populated coastal stretch between Bordeaux and Biarritz.

Today Bérard lives alone in a little furnished room in Paris all week, takes the train south to see his wife every weekend (riding free with a special railway employee pass). After a four-year search, he still cannot find a room with a kitchenette in Paris. Living in a hotel with his wife and eating their meals in restaurants would be too expensive.

He has grown bitter. He is not yet a card-carrying Communist. But he has joined the Red-led Confédération Générale du Travail, and he is swallowing Communist propaganda. The Communists predicted German rearmament, defeat in Indo-China, economic misery. "It's the only party that tells the truth," Bérard argues. Deep down, Jean is less a militant pro-Communist than a bitter man protesting. More than anything he would like to be somebody else. "If my parents had money, I would have been a student, and I think I would have been a good one," he says. "I don't want the Russian system in France, but what other party can I vote for? Maybe when other politicians see the Communists growing in strength, they will do something."

A VETO FOR POLITICS

BÉRARD'S dull, dangerous protest is typical of the logic of some 5,000,000 Communist voters of all ages. But he is a rare bird among youth in that he has, by some kind of thinking process, related his own troubles to a need for political action. Most young Frenchmen refuse to make the connection or simply cannot. Everywhere in France youth's political feelings can be characterized in a single word: indifference.

In Socialist-run Tourcoing, an industrial town with 80,000 inhabitants, the Socialist Youth Federation is the largest political group for younger workers, students and office employees; it has 100 members. The Communists confess to the same trouble among their faithful. Their movement, camouflaged under the name Union of Republican Youth of France, has 100,000 members, many of them uncertain of their political sentiments. "You just can't talk politics directly to youth these days," explains a young Communist leader. "Take an issue like

compulsory military service. Of course we're opposed in principle to a large army, but the only way we can arouse the interest of young conscripts is to advocate reducing service from 18 to 15 months."

The most striking area of political lassitude is among French students. Twenty years ago, the Latin Quarter was seething with political turmoil. Young Socialists were conspiring at back tables of La Source, royalists were skulking in La Capoulaide, making occasional forays into the Boulevard St. Michel to beat up leftists. Today La Capoulaide has been redecorated into a neon-lighted sundae palace; La Source is a snack bar.

If the students of the Sorbonne elected their own legislative deputy, how would they vote? Two politically conscious young Frenchmen, familiar with the Latin Quarter, made an educated guess: in 1938 almost everyone would have voted—about half for the extreme right (royalists, *Action Française*), about half for the Socialists and Communists. In 1945 virtually everyone would have voted for a Communist. In 1949 some 70% would have voted in a three-way fight among Communists, Catholics and Gaullists. This year only 40% would vote—some for the Communists, a few for an extreme right-wing party, probably most for a pro-Mendès-France combination if it existed. "Before the war you could see that everyone was in the battle," said a student editor. "These days youth is out of it." Shrugged a young girl: "Political opinions? I have none. They wouldn't do any good. Nobody would listen to them, not even those who might agree with me."

Youth's indifference parallels the indifference of France's entire population to politics. Writing in the weekly *Express*, André Malraux calls it "the cancer of peoples." "It is false," he wrote recently, "that our workers, our peasants, our industrial leaders do not work. The individual is not affected. It is the collective, civic spirit that is sick. Why? Because to the majority of French, the state appears to be a fraud."

FAITH THROUGH GOOD WORKS

IN the mire of youthful indifference and apathy, one group has made noticeable strides since the war: the Catholics. They are far from overwhelming the younger generation. But they have gone beyond any other movement in attracting France's boys and girls. They have formed worker, farm, student, girls' and children's organizations, currently claim more than 1,000,000 members. In rural areas they often provide the only recreation a farm youth can find. In industrial centers they offer shelter and vocational guidance. They are successful because they are not selling anything, not even religion, in an over-the-counter manner. Like Y.M.C.A.s, most merely contribute facilities without huckstering, unconcerned about making converts.

In a narrow street deep in the bowels of the Latin Quarter, a small band of Augustinian priests and ten student "archangels" devote themselves to stirring up intellectual give-and-take among students. Dressed in student garb they scour the cafés, chattering with habitués, occasionally offering a meal, a bath or just companionship. Once a week they hold open house in their dreary converted hotel. Not more than 25 or 30 youngsters attend for supper and talk. "We're not trying directly to save souls at this point," says one of the student assistants. "We're trying to save minds." Adds handsome, youthful Father Eugène Balm, in command of the project: "If we do just a little good, in 50 years it will have been worthwhile."

Youth, like other Frenchmen, will not crusade for Catholicism. But in a recent poll published by *Réalités*, a remarkable 15% declared themselves ready to die for their faith "if exceptional circumstances demanded it." Last week 14,000 Catholic students walked 50 miles from the Latin Quarter to Chartres Cathedral on an annual spring pilgrimage. Even among anticlericals there is religious conformity. Smiled a young Socialist: "We baptized our child. He'll have his first Communion, get married in church and probably be buried by a priest. But mind you, I'm against Catholicism."

Except among a small fraction of fervent youngsters, religion has not interfered with sexual morality. In true Latin fashion, the soul and the body are two distinctly different spheres that may touch briefly behind the curtain of a confessional box.

"WE DON'T TALK—WE DO"

BY Anglo-Saxon standards French youth is immoral. By French standards French youth is realistic. "Over there," said a 23-year-old girl who had attended college in the U.S., "sex is a problem. My sorority sisters never talked about anything else. Here in France we don't talk—we do." French kids mush it up in doorways, in the Métro, in cafés, during mealtime and after coffee. An army private repeated the convenient rule of thumb: "If you kiss a girl on the lips, you go to bed with her. No nonsense."

There are, of course, nuances. Among workers and "emancipated" intellectuals, living in sin is acceptable. In the middle class there may be attempts to observe the forms of morality, like the insistence that a young girl come home at night regardless of what she does in the afternoon or evening. In rural areas premarital relationships are common, and pregnancy is a usual prelude to marriage.

Youth's main outdoor amusement in France is sports. Some 500,000 kids play soccer during the summer season, and a warm Sunday afternoon is the signal for thousands of messenger boys and factory workers to slip on their bright-colored jerseys, special riding shoes, twist a spare tire across their shoulders, climb off a bicycle and race through the green countryside with flowers between their teeth. Underwater fishing has grown to such a craze that the French government has been forced to issue submarine hunting licenses to prevent extinction of fish; deep-sea anglers are currently complaining that the Mediterranean has been drained of game. More youngsters, however, are spectators than participants, living on their nerves during the Tour de France and weeping at France's loss of the European Rugby title.

Except for the tiny dance halls in poor neighborhoods where an accordion and a piano grind out traditional rhythms, American jazz is heard everywhere. It is the U.S.'s great cultural export to Europe. Sidney Bechet and Lionel Hampton pack crowds into music halls, and local imitators of the Chicago style, like crew-cut Clarinetist Claude Luter, have become some of youth's few heroes. At the Discothèque, a small record club in Paris' Saint-Germain-des-Prés district, youngsters sit over Scotch whisky (at \$1 a shot), dance dippingly to *les slows*, lindy-hop allegros, sing all the American lyrics aloud and shout at each other in broken English. "My dear, you wonderful!"

STILL, THE JOY OF LIVING

DIFFERENT youngsters have different passing heroes, but French youth—like its elders—has had no lasting national hero since the days of Napoleon. Worshiping a celebrity implies homogeneous, collective feeling. French youngsters mostly want to be alone. A student has no dormitory or fraternity experience, a worker has few sentiments of camaraderie with his fellows. Unlike Americans or Russians, the French are too individualistic to take to bosom buddies. The family, not friends, forms the social circle.

Above all, a young Frenchman longs for an automobile as a means of escape. He rarely has one, but will settle cheerfully for a motor scooter on the installment plan. (A Vespa costs \$357 cash; if purchased over an 18-month period, it is almost 20% more.) Come vacation time, he takes his girl friend and hitch-hikes to the Riviera or Brittany, pitches a tent or lives in a youth hostel (slightly less popular because sexes are separated), swims, explores, cooks his own meals or just lies in the grass.

Wealthier youngsters go in for more elaborate leisure. If he (or his parents) can afford it, a boy will ski for two weeks in the winter, travel abroad for a month in the summer. In almost all social groups, youth, like its elders, is rarely in a hurry to achieve its ambitions, partly because it is imbued with the age-old French penchant for enjoying life, partly because the opportunity line in a static economy is not moving, and there's simply no sense in rushing. A young businessman of 30, secure of his future in the family textile firm, had life mapped out: "In your 20s you find yourself. In your 30s you work hard. In your 40s you taste success, and in your 50s you begin to reap the benefits. But all along the way you must remember to enjoy yourself."

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(Republic, Book VIII)



Artist: Constantine Brumley

Great Ideas of Western Man ... ONE OF A SERIES



CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

In Hollywood, where tenth wedding anniversaries are almost as rare as 100th birthdays, newsmen converged on Cine-mactor **Humphrey (Beat the Devil) Bogart**, 55, and his bockin-tongued wife, **Cinemix Lauren (How to Marry a Millionaire) Bacall**, 30, asked them in bewilder'd tones how they had survived a decade of cinematrimony. Chorused the Bogarts blissfully: "We are old-fashioned. We believe in double beds." Explained Bogey in laconic tones: "It's pretty hard to talk over something if you share the same bed." Philosopher Bogart, no great profile, gave Hollywood's fast-mating siren the back of his hand: "Most of these bachelors out here don't deserve to be married for five minutes. When they get married they don't really mean it. They marry some guy because he's pretty."

A hero as a German U-boat skipper in World War I and a martyr as a Nazi prisoner in World War II, West Germany's pugnacious Pastor **Martin Niemöller**, neutralist for of his country's rearmament, began a skirmish with his own Evangelical Lutheran Church. Charged last month with neglecting the spiritual duties of the church's Foreign Bureau, run by him Niemöller wrote a bitter letter of resignation to famed Bishop **Otto Dibelius**, tossed in a threat that unless the charges are withdrawn, "I will hold the time ripe to expose the insupportable intrigues that have taken place within the church."

After speaking in Williamsport, Pa., Indiana's haggis-faced Republican Representative **Charles A. Halleck**, House minority leader, had some time on his hands.



FISHERMAN HALLECK
In time.

Lee Barnes

hustled off to a nearby trout stream. Casting briefly, he soon hooked and netted a 12-in. specimen, later beamed upon it as if it were at least a 12-ft. marlin.

Italy's Cinemactress **Gina (Bread, Love and Dreams) Lollobrigida** was embroiled as usual in a passel of law suits.⁶ Focal point of the contests was International News Service and its Rome Bureau Chief Mike Chinigo. After Chinigo distributed I.N.S. photos of Gina cavorting in cancan dresses for a new movie, Italian magazine readers delightedly noted that the flash bulbs used in making the pictures had penetrated her lingerie. Litigious Gina flew into a mercurial tizzy and vainly tried to get the negatives back; her irate husband, Mirko Skofic, dropped into Chinigo's office for a heated, futile chat. Re-



LOLLOBRIGIDA & TEACHER
in trim.

suits: Chinigo slapped two suits on Skofic (for violation of domicile and uttering intimidating threats); Gina sportingly sued Chinigo on three counts (abuse of her image, defamation of character, insults via telephone). Meanwhile, with her lawyer fattening on fees, Gina took a court recess last week to get a ballet lesson at her Rome villa.

One of the topflight U.S. old soldiers who has all but faded from public view in military retirement, General of the Army **George Catlett Marshall**, 74, sorrowfully came back into sight for a little while. Occasion: the funeral, at Arlington Na-

⁶ To keep in suing trim, Gina last year got entangled in suits involving 1) ownership of a house, 2) a Turin vermouth firm (for using her picture to advertise its wine), 3) a radiologist (who charged that Gina had welched on a \$15,000 life X-ray bill).



OLD SOLDIER MARSHALL
In sight.

tional Cemetery, of one of Marshall's predecessors as Army Chief of Staff, General **Charles P. Summerall**, who died last fortnight at 88.

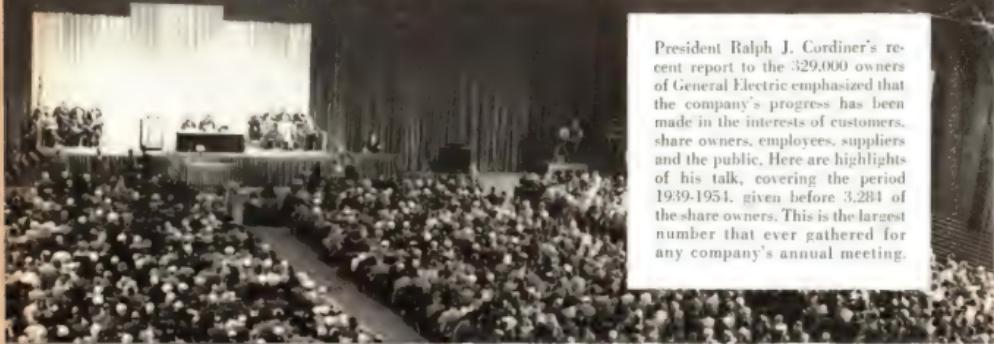
Sweden's scholarly King **Gustaf VI Adolph**, 72, flew to Britain for a week's prowl in museums and art galleries, wound up his stay by picking up an honorary Doctor of Letters degree at Oxford University for his pioneering spade-work as an archaeologist.

Johns Hopkins University Professor **Owen Lattimore**, Far East expert still under federal charges that he lied to a Congressional committee about his Red ties, got his passport renewed. This cleared the way for Lattimore to accept bids to lecture this summer at four English universities and other West European schools.

Dejected and fretful when his diplomatic credentials failed to arrive in Bonn in time for Sovereignty Day (TIME, May 16), new Ambassador to West Germany **James Bryant Conant** perked up last week when his Senate confirmation finally showed up. Long a U.S. diplomatic step-child as High Commissioner, Harvard's ex-president jubilantly sped off to Bad Kissingen, where West Germany's old (71) President **Theodor Heuss** was vacationing. Heuss, who had reckoned that the presentation ceremony could wait until he was back on the job, bowed to American haste. He accepted Conant's papers, congratulated him, but barred photographers from snapping any pictures of the unceremonious ceremony.

Along with 24 other military policemen at Alaska's Fort Richardson, Army Private First Class **G. (for Gerard) David Schine**, 27, of last year's Army-McCarthy ruckus, was tipped to corporal, got his pay raised to \$122.30 a month.

Highlights from a report to the largest meeting of share owners ever assembled



President Ralph J. Cordiner's recent report to the 329,000 owners of General Electric emphasized that the company's progress has been made in the interests of customers, share owners, employees, suppliers and the public. Here are highlights of his talk, covering the period 1939-1954, given before 3,284 of the share owners. This is the largest number that ever gathered for any company's annual meeting.

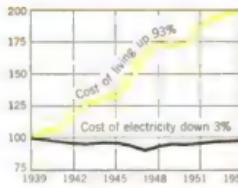
How customers shared in General Electric progress

PRODUCT QUALITY UP - Example: Today's 40-watt fluorescent lamp lasts 400% longer, costs 58.9% less



COST OF ELECTRICITY DOWN - A dollar today will buy \$1.03 worth of electricity at 1939 prices

New and improved products like the convenient wall-mounted refrigerator (shown at left) make work easier, life more comfortable—increase the need for electricity. Today the average home uses nearly three times as much electricity as in 1939; the average industrial worker, more than twice as much.



Improvements in G-E turbine-generators were a major factor in reducing the cost of electricity.

How share owners shared in General Electric progress

OWNERS MADE GROWTH POSSIBLE - \$534 million of total earnings was reinvested in the business

DIVIDENDS UP - General Electric paid 47¢ per share in 1939, \$1.53 per share in 1954



Share owner equity went up as a result of an aggressive policy of expansion. 34 cents out of every dollar of earnings was reinvested in the business: share owners' equity increased from \$324 million in 1939 to \$1,023 million in 1954.

► President Ralph J. Cordiner, at the annual meeting, welcomes Mr. and Mrs. William Roesch, Mr. Roesch, operator of a meat market in Buffalo, is General Electric's 300,000th share owner.

Total earnings

Reinvested earnings



For Mr. Cordiner's report, highlighted on these pages, plus a record of the annual meeting, write General Electric, Dept. A2-117, Schenectady, N. Y.

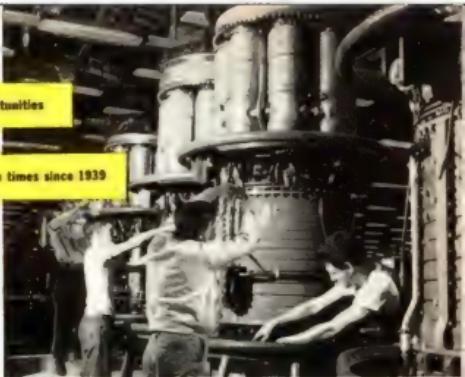
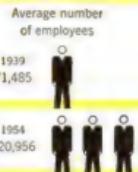
How employees shared in General Electric progress

NEW JOBS CREATED - Example: Research and development created 70,000 job opportunities

WAGES UP - Example: Compensation and other benefits have grown more than seven times since 1939

\$

New machines and new methods have made work cleaner and safer for our employees while keeping our products competitive. More than 70% of General Electric's post-war investment program of one billion, one hundred million dollars is for new and better equipment.



How suppliers shared in General Electric progress

MORE PURCHASES FROM MORE BUSINESSES - General Electric suppliers increased to 40,000

PAYMENTS for materials, supplies, and services have grown more than 10 times

A significant contribution of General Electric to the progress of its suppliers is the periodical Value Analysis Seminars. Fresh, creative thinking is encouraged. Suppliers are invited to contribute suggestions on improvements in our products, or ways in which their services or products can be better used.

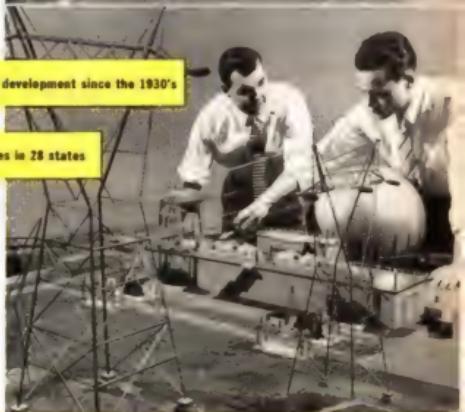
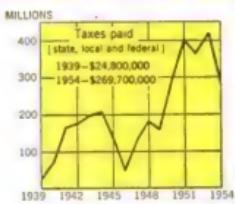


How the public shared in General Electric progress

ATOMIC PROGRESS SPEEDED - General Electric has been actively engaged in atomic development since the 1930's

MANY AREAS BENEFITED - Example: General Electric now has 135 plants in 105 cities in 28 states

General Electric is engaged in more atomic projects—for peace and defense—than any other company. For example, we have contracted to: Build the largest peacetime atomic electric plant yet announced • Operate Hanford Atomic Works • Build an atomic reactor for submarines • Develop aircraft nuclear propulsion.



Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**

MEDICINE

Vaccine Snafu (Contd.)

The polio vaccine program was hopelessly bogged down. Supplies of double-checked vaccine were running out even faster than the sands of time remaining before schoolterm's end and the height of the epidemic season. The Public Health Service was not releasing any newly made vaccine. Last week it was not even releasing rechecked vaccine on hand, made by two manufacturers (Pitman-Moore Co. and Wyeth Inc.). The shortage was bound to get worse. At week's end, PHS was reported considering new, stricter testing

another reason, in the most foolish statement yet made about the situation: "No one could have foreseen the public demand for the vaccine."

Pot Answer. Many states were getting ready to hold clinics in the schools during vacations, though officials fully recognized that there would be wholesale absenteeism. Parents were relaxing their pressure to get vaccine. The pressure now took on a new form: the big question across the U.S. last week was whether even the rechecked vaccine is safe.

Many parents withdrew or failed to renew consent slips. In New York City,



SECRETARY HOBBY & SURGEON GENERAL SCHEELE
Nobody seemed to know.

procedures that would in effect call off the whole program this season.

Nobody at the top seemed sure just how much vaccine was available, or would soon be. There were at least four reasons why the pinch had not been accurately foreseen:

¶ Berkeley's Cutter Laboratories had been expected to supply one-sixth of the total, were out of the running and would stay out as long as their vaccine remained under suspicion.

¶ Sharp & Dohme, also scheduled to make one-sixth, could have none ready until August.

¶ Official figures on the amount of vaccine released had always been misleading by 10%, because the makers put almost 10 cc. in each vial labeled 9 cc., to make up for the few drops lost every time a doctor changes needles.

¶ Some batches of vaccine "went sour" (showed either presence of active virus or absence of potency) after they had been counted in the available supply.

Health Secretary Oveta Hobby added

the fall-out rate when shots were given last week ran around 30% in San Francisco about 40%. Most family doctors advised patients to go ahead with vaccination, but in many cases without enthusiasm. Physicians still resented the lack of scientific information on the Salk vaccine in any medical publication, were just as confused as everybody else by the Public Health Service's repeated change of signals.

Nobody yet knew how much danger there might be. Of five manufacturers that have shipped vaccine, two (Parke, Davis & Co. and Pitman-Moore) had spotless records: no reported cases of polio after use of their vaccine. But the U.S. (mostly western) total of such cases reached 78: after Cutter vaccine, 59 (five fatal); after Eli Lilly & Co.'s, 14; and after Wyeth's, five.

Getting Under the Skin? More startling and possibly just as significant, though no epidemiologist wanted to commit himself, was the fact that 23 cases had developed in the families of children

who had come down with polio after getting Cutter vaccine. Eleven were adults, and one had died. This was a notably higher rate for family contact cases than would be expected, or than had been seen in last year's trials.

PHS officials, headed by Surgeon General Leonard Scheele, were in huddles all week long, much of the time with an advisory committee of top virologists, trying to figure out what to do. One bright suggestion, from state health officials: try giving only $\frac{1}{2}$ drops ($\frac{1}{10}$ cc.) of vaccine, instead of a whole cubic centimeter, to stretch the supply. Furthermore, inject it not into the muscle, as now, but under the skin or between the skin's layers (in hopes that this is less likely to provoke paralysis). At week's end the advisers and PHS decided against this course because it is untested.

All on its outside experts' advice, the PHS advised local authorities to go ahead giving second shots all through the polio season, because the "slight immunity resulting from the first dose of vaccine will most likely provide protection against any [harmful] effect." Yet even while the PHS talked of ways and means to continue the shots, and while parents were still being urged to let children be vaccinated, experts kept showing serious doubts as to the vaccine's safety under present testing procedures.

All week the air was full of brickbats for Secretary Hobby and her department, although President Eisenhower defended her (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). In retrospect, a good deal of the blame for the vaccine snafu also went to the National Foundation, which, with years of publicity, had built up the danger of polio out of all proportion to its actual incidence, and had rushed into vaccinations this year with patently insufficient preparation.

Anxious Jumpers

The three-week course that turns an infantryman into an airborne soldier is so rigorous and full of hazards (notably parachute jumps) that it seems certain to make a lot of the trainees mighty anxious. Not so, say four psychosomaticists at Chicago's Michael Reese Hospital* who moved into the Army's Airborne Department at Fort Benning, Ga., and watched the trainees from reveille until after they were tucked in, tuckered out, at night. In fact, paratroop training creates less anxiety than might be expected, and still less of the obvious fear-of-death kind. The doctors' key findings:

¶ The anxiety created is sharply defined into two kinds: fear of harm to one's self; fear of failure, with resultant loss of esteem in the eyes of officers and buddies.

¶ Harm-anxiety is a liability, and is likely to get trainees washed out, while failure-anxiety (except in immoderate amounts) goads them to do their best.

¶ Anxiety goes up after a man has successfully finished the training course and no longer has anything to fear from it—

* In a 320-page tome, *Anxiety and Stress* (Blakiston Division, McGraw-Hill; \$7).



WILL DEATH TAKE A HOLIDAY THIS MEMORIAL WEEK END?

How New Jersey is making its heavily traveled road system safer for everyday and holiday traffic. What is your state's program?

This holiday, our nation will see its usual surge of traffic. Mom, Pop and the kids and millions of others will start out in their cars, hopes high for a happy time. Most of them will return home safely, with memories of a grand week end. But for some—who knows how many?—memories will stop forever with the sound of shrieking brakes and a crumpling crash.

New Jersey, with the heaviest density of traffic per square mile of area of any state, has an outstanding safety record. Under a progressive program of road building, law enforcement and safe driving education, this state's fatality rate per 100,000,000 vehicle miles has dropped

steadily. In 1950, it was 17.85. In 1954, compared with the national average of 6.5, it was 3.5.

Known as "The Gangplank to America," New Jersey has many problems—tremendous corridor traffic between the South, the West, New York and New England; a heavy flow to and from the Atlantic shore and hundreds of individual local situations. Its annual average daily flow of vehicles, seven times the national average, is rapidly approaching a saturation point. To solve this complex job, New Jersey's authorities are preparing a statewide integrated program to handle these vital "emergency needs."

Like New Jersey, your state is working hard to improve its roads, but it needs your support. Drop a post card to your state highway commissioner or governor at the state capital. Find out what your state wants to do for you. Then, as an informed citizen, let your feelings be known. It's later than you think. Your life is at stake!

Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Ill., U.S.A.

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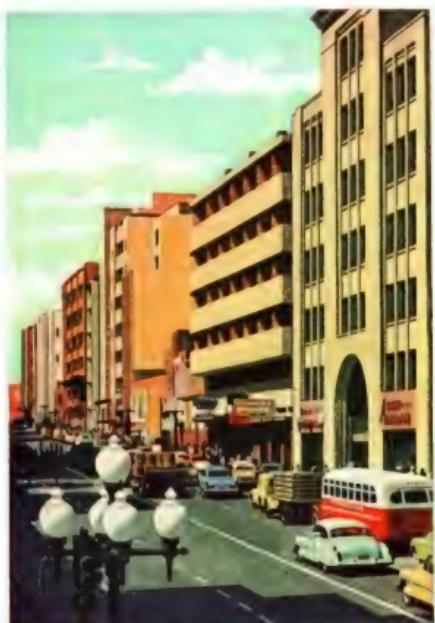
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Left—More than 200 entrances and exits and a wide median strip between opposite roadway lanes feature the Golden State Parkway.

Right—Wherever you see Caterpillar signs, chances working on more roads, you can be sure more state is getting its money's worth.





CARACAS AND CHICAGO

...markets you can't afford to overlook

Are you surprised when we tell you that the Caribbean area, famous for cruises, is today America's second biggest export customer? This thriving market is typified by Caracas in Venezuela. Except for its tropical setting, Caracas could well be a large American city. And a great deal of what you find there, from buttons to busses, was imported from the U. S. A.

Would you like to give sales a lift by selling your products in Venezuela and other Caribbean countries? Alcoa Steamship Company has served the Caribbean for over 30 years, and is in a position to help you tap this important market. And for those concerns who have already found their "acres of diamonds" in this good-neighbor front yard, Alcoa provides the finest in service, in careful cargo handling, and in fast, frequent schedules. You are invited to write today for Alcoa's new edition of "Export Market Opportunities".

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RICHARD E. LIPMAN, COAST 943
The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

"Look at it this way—you're the baby sparrow and I'm the mamma sparrow."

what the layman would call a letdown. ¶ The more intellectual and more sensitive trainees do worse than before when they become anxious, but the duller boys are goaded into doing better.

¶ Most outright failures are in the group that shows greatest fear of bodily harm. Next to them in the scale—the ones who barely squeak through—are those with the opposite psychological symptom: excessive fear of failure.

Century's Progress

Several of the 17 scenes were shockers. They showed "lunatics" lying half-naked in filthy pens, or fighting like starved wolverines when a heartless jailer tossed them a moldy crust. Some inmates were in chains; some were beaten. More astonishing than the play were the players: housewives and secretaries suffering from involitional melancholia or agitated schizophrenia, mechanics or plumbers in manic-depressive states. Among them, confined by court order, were con men, kleptomaniacs, counterfeitors, and even some who had committed homicide.

The two-hour pageant, *Cry of Humanity*, was written and produced by inmates of the District of Columbia's St. Elizabeths Hospital⁹ to mark the vast (pop. 7,500) institution's centenary. The play is being performed before large Washington audiences this week, was seen by TV viewers last week in a 17-minute cut-down version. *Cry of Humanity* was a monument to Dorothea Lynde Dix (1802-87), the New England schoolteacher who crusaded from Newfoundland to Louisiana

for the "moral management" of the insane, persuaded Congress to open St. Elizabeths. The play was also a mile marker on the long road from such bedlam as it depicted to new cures for mental illness and others still only hoped for.

Conceived by Dance Therapist Marian Chace, *Cry of Humanity* was quickly taken over by the patients. They picked the life of Dorothea Dix for its theme; it was they who insisted on showing scenes from her early years—because they wanted to show the root causes of their heroine's own neurosis. The curtain went up on Dorothea as a nine-year-old drudge doing chores for her invalid mother (who was 20 years older than her minister-husband). Before a shabby house in Hampden, Me., neighbor children chant tauntingly: "Dorothea can't play." Not until she is 14 does the play show Dorothea happy, living with "My Aunt Sarah, who was my first real friend."

In Boston, at 23, Dorothea Dix is engaged, but proves so reluctant to give up work in the school she has started that the romance collapses. Sixteen years later, on her first visit to the East Cambridge jail, where lunatics are kept alongside prisoners, one inmate snarls at her: "You couldn't attract a man if you tried." Dorothea answers: "Your words open an old wound. You see, I have my troubles, too." But thereafter she makes the troubles of the mentally ill her preoccupation.

Besides such episodes, the patient-playwrights included ballets, because they thought the dance could express feelings (in Dorothea Dix's dreams of fear and desolation) that they could not act out. Pioneer Dix would have been heartened by the revolution in treatment and patients' outlook wrought at St. Elizabeths despite overcrowding and staff shortages. But she would not yet have been satisfied, and neither were the patient-players in *Cry of Humanity*.



PIONEER DIX
On the road from bedlam.
Brown Brothers

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COMES THROUGH



VICEROY

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Than Cigarettes Without Filters



⁹ Congress and President Pierce called it "the Government Hospital of the Insane." But it was set on an Anacostia tract long known as St. Elizabeth's, because an early owner had been granted it "in the name of St. Elizabeth of Hungary," who labored for the insane in the 13th century. In 1916 Congress formally adopted this name (without the apostrophe).

EDUCATION

No. 49

As she stood in Washington's crowded U.S. Department of Commerce Auditorium, 13-year-old Sandra Sloss of St. Joseph's School, Granite City, Ill., smoothed down her cotton dress, adjusted the numeral placard (No. 49) that hung around her neck, and decided that she didn't have a chance. The other 11 finalists, who had beaten out the 5,000,000 original contestants in the annual Scripps-Howard spelling bee, were obviously going to be too good. Nevertheless, as the warmup period began at 8:30 a.m., Sandra determined to do her best. She took one last look at her parents in the audience, then firmly turned her attention to the business at hand.

The first words that rolled off the tongue of Pronouncer Benson S. Alleman (*accurate . . . alliance . . . ambitions*) should have been easy. But to Sandra's great surprise, one girl spelled *dessert* with an "l." After that, 100 words passed without a slip. Then one twelve-year-old spelled *solicet* with an "s" instead of "c." After that, the heads began to roll faster.

By noon the spellers were facing tougher words—*esoteric*, *exorcism*, *codicil*, etc. One boy fell over *orchidaceous* ("Nero Wolfe was an orchidaceous hound," prompted Pronouncer Alleman), and a girl collapsed over the almost impossible *chiastolite*. One word No. 50, Sandra faced a crisis. Is *vicinage* spelled *ige* or *age*? Taking a deep breath, Sandra chose the "a," and survived.

As the afternoon wore on, *quietus* got an "o," *budnig* became *boutonie*, and a youngster blurted *g-y-r-o-c* . . . for *gyroscopic* and with a despairing cry ("I missed it!") sat down. By 5 p.m. only

three contestants were left. "*Quineums*" shot the pronouncer at Naomi Klein of the Yeshiva of Flatbush school (Brooklyn N.Y.)—and then there were only two.

At that point, the rules of the game changed: a contestant had to spell not only the word her opponent missed, but another one as well. Sandra's opponent, Jean Copeland of the Prescott (Ariz.) Junior High School, knocked off *solveism* and *encomium*, while Sandra got *memonic*. Then Sandra spelled *cedilla* with an "e" and it was only because Jean flubbed *papyrusaceous* that Sandra was saved. By word No. 534, Spelling-Bee Director Charles Schneider was wondering whether he would have to declare a draw.

Jean tossed off *quindine*; Sandra got *verisimilitudinous*. Jean got *bouclé*, and Sandra managed *baculureoute*. Then Jean spelled *camaphytic* with a "cumo," but Sandra missed with a "cume." Finally, the big break came. Jean spelled *abbacy* "abbosy," and Sandra got it right. The payoff word: *crustaeology*. C-R-U-S-T-A-C. said Sandra (pause), E- (pause). O-L-O-G-Y. "The winner!" cried Pronouncer Alleman—and after the usual flurry of congratulations, a stunned but happy Sandra withdrew with her family for a big dish of L-E-M-O-N-M-E-R-I-N-G-U-E-P-I-E.

"Be a Daniel!"

She was a Negro and virtually a pauper, but plucky little Mary McLeod Bethune was also a dreamer. In 1904, with only \$1.50 in cash, she started a school for Negro girls in Daytona Beach, Fla., and then she wanted none other than Soap Tycoon James N. Gamble, son of the founder of Procter & Gamble, to be a



MARY MCLEOD BETHUNE
"I just love people."

trustee. "But where?" asked Gamble as he gazed at her shacklike building on the former city dump known as Hell's Hole. "Is this school of which you wish me to be a trustee?" "In my mind," replied Mary Bethune. "And in my soul."

James Gamble soon learned that nothing on earth could stop Mary Bethune. She not only got her school, she also became something of a legend in her lifetime. A devout Methodist, she would start each morning with a prayer, e.g., "With this new day, O God, let some new strength be mine." And each day, some new strength was indeed hers, until Mary Bethune became known throughout the nation as the First Lady of her race.

Piercing Eyes. The daughter of two former slaves and one of 17 children, she was born in a log cabin near Mayesville, S.C. At nine she could pick as much as 250 lbs. of cotton a day; at eleven she began her daily five-mile trudge to school at a small Presbyterian mission. At 15, she boarded a train for the first time in her life and set off for the Scotia Seminary in Concord, N.C., and later to the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. There she found herself the only Negro in a sea of strangers. "White people's eyes pierced me," said she. "Some of them were kind eyes; others would like to be but were still afraid."

After graduation she taught in Georgia, married a fellow schoolteacher, Albert Bethune, moved on to Daytona Beach. By that time she already had plans for a school of her own. To raise money, she baked sweet potato pies and sold them from door to door. She peddled fried fish sang in local hotels. She borrowed a shack collected boxes for furniture, squeezed elderberries for ink, used charcoal slivers for pencils. When the Daytona Normal and Industrial Institute opened, its student body was five girls and her son.

With the help of James Gamble and



RUNNER-UP COPELAND, DIRECTOR SCHNEIDER & CHAMPION SLOSS
Crustaeology spelled L-E-M-O-N-M-E-R-I-N-G-U-E-P-I-E.



On top of a big job!

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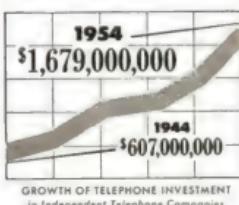
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

other men of means, it grew into a flourishing secondary school and later, after merging with the neighboring Cookman Institute for Men, into a full-fledged four-year coeducational campus. Bethune-Cookman's assets rose to more than \$3,500,000, its enrollment to 750, its faculty to 52. Meanwhile, Mrs. Bethune was making a name for herself in other ways. "Be a Daniel!" she urged her followers. "Take the vow of courage."

"**I Believe in You.**" Her plump figure, invariably supported by a favorite cane, became a familiar one at Negro rallies throughout the U.S. She founded the National Council of Negro Women (more than 800,000 members), was special adviser to Franklin Roosevelt on minority problems ("Mrs. Bethune, I believe in you"), served as special assistant to the Secretary of War on WAC training. In all her work, she was a symbol and part of the progress of the Negro race itself. "Now," she once said, "I have come to the point where I can embrace all humanity—not just the people of my race or another race. I just love people."

Last week, when Mary Bethune died in Daytona Beach at 70, just one year after the U.S. Supreme Court's decision against segregation in the schools, she had seen her greatest dream come true. "There is," she once said, "no such thing as Negro education—only education. I want my people to prepare themselves bravely for life, not because they are Negroes, but because they are men."

Report Card

¶ President Wilson Elkins of the University of Maryland had some good news for his board of regents. After less than nine months in office, he has eliminated so many of the abuses cited by the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools (TIME, Jan. 31) that the association has reaffirmed the university's accreditation without reservation.

¶ Testifying before a Senate Appropriations subcommittee, Emily Davie, editor of the star-spangled documentary history of the U.S., *Profile of America*, revealed the latest spurge of Washington nonsense. Though the U.S. Information Agency reported that the book has been the most popular U.S. history it has ever distributed abroad, a House Appropriations subcommittee headed by John J. Rooney (Dem.) of Brooklyn refused to allow 300,000 more copies to be sent overseas. The type of objection Author Davie was able to uncover: 1) a photograph entitled "A little red schoolhouse, built 1750," which the subcommittee insisted would give the Russians the idea that one-room schoolhouses dominate the U.S. in 1955; 2) a quotation from Thoreau which, the subcommittee thought, would give Europeans the idea that Americans "lead lives of quiet desperation"; and 3) a photograph of a Vermont schoolteacher, because a friend of one committeeman had seen a Russian book with a better-looking teacher. Said Author Davie: "I didn't think I had to show schoolteachers looking like Rockettes."

No. 44 in a series:

TACTICAL PROBLEM

To design and build a jet bomber able to operate from the smallest World War II "jeep" carriers.

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Designed for the U. S. Navy and now in volume production, the Douglas A4D Skyhawk cuts many of the tactical restrictions imposed by the higher landing and take-off speeds of modern jet aircraft.

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SPORT

With a Straight Face

No one in his right mind really thought that Don Cockell, chubby heavyweight champion of the British Empire, belonged in the same ring with Rocky Marciano. Day after day, before the two fighters tangled for the world championship in San Francisco last week, dutiful British sportswriters beat the drums for the Battersea Butterball. But most of the time it was easier to explain why Don might lose. For one thing, the 161-ft. square ring was too small. For another, the Britons reminded their readers, U.S. boxing is rotten with rackets. In Philadelphia, a light heavyweight named Harold Johnson claimed to have been doped before a fight by a stranger who gave him a bitter-tasting orange, so Cockell's California camp made a big show of not using tea sent by well-wishers.

Beauty and Power. When fight time came, Rocky showed that he needed no help from either ring or rackets. With rough-and-tumble power, as clumsy as any champion since Carnera, he took 8 rounds and 54 seconds to batter Cockell senseless. Then the British writers, who once upon a time were renowned for understatement, really turned it on. Their champion, taking a savage beating, had indeed met defeat like a true Briton. "And that is why the high and the mighty, the men with power, the women with beauty and vast possessions are rising in a kind of primeval mass sympathy and acclamation for a man from thousands of miles away," wrote the London *Daily Mirror's* Peter Wilson. "They rise to him because they know he is exhibiting something which power cannot command, beauty cannot achieve nor money buy."

"The kind of courage which refuses to bandage in front of the firing squad. The driving urge which made men die rather than surrender to Everest, or perish in the white wastes of the Antarctic while trying to bend the very Pole to their driving will . . ."

Jacal and Lion. "Killer Marciano was crowding in now, head down like a gorilla, except that a gorilla does not eat meat, and Marciano is the most carnivorous fighter I have ever seen. Truly I do not exaggerate . . . The sun had set on the arena, but it had never set on the heavyweight champion of the Empire."

U.S. sportswriters were a little less peevish. Scornful of The Rock's rule-busting violence in the ring, they still saw the match as a triumph of phony showmanship and unscrupulous exploitation. Said the New York *Daily Mirror's* Dan Parker: "As shameless as a jackal gorging on the remnants of a lion's breakfast kill, Al Weill, that distinguished promoter of international good will, is already talking of a return bout between Rocky Marciano and his Monday-night abattoir victim, Don Cockell. There having been no reason for the first match, except a grossly commercial one, there is even less cause for a

second slaughter. And when Weill says, with a straight face, that he is considering a return bout in London, that is the supreme insult to everyone above the third-grade moron class."

Start Your Engines

The same tearing roar of Meyer-Drake Offenhauser racing engines will racket above the oil-slick brick and asphalt. Once more, when the green flag drops, the wheeled buckets of power will whisk past the pace car into the first laps of the most popular sport spectacle in the U.S. Memorial Day will have come back to the Midwest with the 30th running of America's car-racing classic: the Indianapolis 500. The cars will be faster than ever this year, the drivers as daring, and the spectators will get their thrills. But for the



WINNER SHAW (1940); GOING OVER THE WALL (1931)
More noise than a room full of women, then *eee, eee, eee,*

Associated Press

first time in the memory of most fans, one man will be absent—the 500 will not be the same without three-time race winner and Speedway President Warren W. Burshaw.

Bag of Bolts. Like all U.S. race drivers, Wilbur Shaw lived for the Memorial Day 500. "May 30 is Christmas, birthday and all the other nice days rolled into one," he wrote in his autobiography, *Gentlemen, Start Your Engines*, published last week (Coward-McCann; \$5). "If you get into the Indianapolis 500, no matter what the outcome, you feel amply repaid for a year of work."

For Shaw, the big race at the Speedway was worth more than a year—it was worth his whole life. From the day he first raced (and thoroughly wrecked) his own car—a homemade "bag of bolts"—at a half-mile, fairgrounds track in Lafayette, Ind., he was headed for the 500. By the spring of 1924, he was national light-car champion, and the days were not long enough for him to get all the racing he wanted. In his "Fronty" Ford, Shaw would race his buddies cross-country on their way to the dirt tracks where they earned their prize money. Evenings, they

would celebrate. Dawn would find them racing home, their hopped-up engines shattering the morning silence, their hard tires (90 lbs. of air in motorcycle tires shelled to the wheel rims) jolting along rutted country roads.

In 1927 Wilbur Shaw made the grade: he got a car to drive on the big brick oval at Indianapolis. It was a rebuilt Miller, 10 to 12 m.p.h. slower than most other cars in the race, and it was something of a jinx. In it, famed Jimmy Murphy, winner of the Indianapolis in 1922, had driven to his death at Syracuse, N.Y., three years before. To Wilbur Shaw the old Miller was just another car, and the cocky, mustachioed little hell-raiser drove it home in fourth place.

Beautiful Music. Now the 500 was really in his blood. He kept coming back, but for years his luck was bad. In 1931 Shaw showed up with a tiny (wheelbase: 104 in., piston displacement: 156 cu. in.,

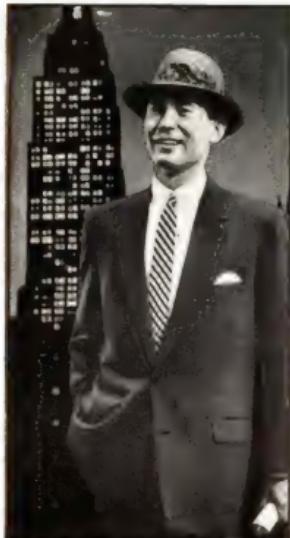
weight: 1,600 lbs.) supercharged special, built by Augie Duesenberg. The sound of that little engine winding up, Shaw remembered later, "was the most beautiful music my ears had ever heard. With the engine turning 6,800 r.p.m., the supercharger was turning almost 38,000 r.p.m., and making more noise than a room full of women."

That lovely sound lasted part way through Shaw's qualifying run. Then all hell broke loose under the hood. The crankshaft broke, cut the engine completely in half. But Augie Duesenberg's brother Fred promptly offered him another bigger car to drive. It was like stepping off a motorcycle into a locomotive. Fred Duesenberg believed in big cars with non-supercharged engines. When Shaw hopped into the cockpit, he dropped out of sight. "The car definitely had been built for a man of more than average size . . . The seat was so low I couldn't possibly see over the cowling. The steering wheel felt as if it was three feet in diameter. The only way I could reach the foot accelerator was by sliding sideways on the seat and sitting on the left cheek of my rear end . . . By leaning

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2,600 to the square inch!

suit is on a hanger . . . a mighty welcome feature, especially in warm weather.

The styling and construction are strictly summertime . . . light in weight, casual in looks. The two-button coat has a center vent and flap pockets.

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& MARX



out the left side of the cockpit. I discovered that I could see ahead.

Looking out the side like that, Shaw missed a turn. He heard the "eee . . . eee . . . eee" of the tires as they began to lose their grip on the bricks. The car made three or four little prancing sidesteps and then traded ends as it went into a spin like a top. "The big 'Duesie' hopped off the retaining wall, somersaulted, and landed on its wheels in a tangle of torn and twisted metal. Ambulance attendants patched up the worst scrapes in Shaw's torn hide, coated the minor cuts with iodine and turned him loose. Moments later he was in Fred Duesenberg's second car, out of sight in the cockpit again driving for his life. There were no more crashes, but there was no time to catch the leaders.

Heart's Desire. Wilbur Shaw never let down. He learned how to fly, but his real love was always racing autos. In 1937-'39 and '40 he achieved his heart's desire: first place in the Indianapolis 500. His three victories matched the record set by Lou Meyer (since equaled by Mauri Rose). It was Wilbur Shaw who raised the money to put the dilapidated Speedway back on its feet after the long wartime layoff, but then the rough grind finally caught up with him. In 1951, when he was 48, a heart attack took him out of the racing cockpit for good.

Every year since the war, it was Wilbur Shaw who gave the traditional Memorial Day command: "Gentlemen, start your engines." Then, last fall, his racing days behind him, Wilbur Shaw failed to walk away from a crash. He and two friends, flying in a small plane, spun in just outside Decatur, Ind. All were killed.

Daddy Long Arms

So far this season, the Milwaukee Braves have not set the world on fire, or even Milwaukee, but every now and then a spark crackles. Easily the hottest spark is Gene Conley, 24, a moose-tall (6 ft. 8 in.) pitcher with enough fire in his long right arm to burn down the best batters around. While his team sputtered around the .300 mark, Gene was sizzling along last week at an .833 clip. He has started in seven games, finished five, won five and lost one (to Brooklyn by only one run).

Fast Cat. A reformed basketball player from Washington State, Conley is the kind of energetic athlete who never tires of playing. So, after he quit college while he polished up his pitching, he also earned a fast buck playing professional basketball with the Boston Celtics. In due time Gene decided to concentrate on big-league baseball. Last year he won 14 and lost nine for Milwaukee. This year, says Manager "Jolly Cholly" Grimm, he is a cinch to win 20.

Gene Conley on the mound is an impressive spectacle. His gloved hand resting on his left thigh, his right hand cupping the ball somewhere back of his right kidney. Gene leans forward, staring like a studious crane at Catcher Del Crandall's signal. Then he straightens, toes the rubber, lifts his left leg high as if to ram his



Niels L. Larson

PITCHER CONLEY
The Dodgers are a big help.

cleats down the batter's tonsils and swings into a full windup.

When he coils that big frame his delivery is deceptive. He seems to be lobbing the ball toward the plate. Suddenly it zips past, a whistling fast ball or a wicked curve. Even more surprising is his speed afoot. He can field a bunt with consummate ease: last week, he caught Giants Captain Alvin Dark taking a long lead off first, whirled off the mound and stalked the base runner like a great, fast-moving cat. Flustered, Dark watched him move in. A leisurely toss to First Baseman Joe Adcock, and it was all over.

A Mouthful. Just as important as his skill on the field is Conley's spirit between games. He gets a kick out of his work: he loves to pitch batting practice; he never shirks his own turn at the plate. (For a pitcher, he hits a commendable .217.) When things go wrong, he never sulks. "The only guy Conley ever blames," says Pitching Coach Bucky Walters, "is Conley himself."

The only ballplayers' vice he has picked up is the game-time habit of worrying a wad of chewing tobacco (adulterated with a few sticks of chewing gum). Gene recalls how his wife discovered this lapse. In Wilkes-Barre, Pa., one afternoon, she drove to the ballpark to watch him pitch. Gene ambled to the fence and gave her a big kiss, smack on the lips. "She near choked to death," he remembers ruefully.

No man has done more than lean Gene Conley to keep the Braves in contention, and Conley is still confident that come August his team will be up there fighting it out with the Dodgers. Meanwhile,

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figures, the Dodgers themselves are a big help in his campaign to burn them down. At Ebbets Field they provide the smallest dugout in the league. Between trips to the mound, Big Gene has to fold his frame into an awkward curl. Somehow, this seems to help his pitching.

They Play for Pay

Maybe his take from pro tennis is falling off; maybe he was just feeling ornery. Whatever the reason, Jack Kramer, former U.S. amateur champion (1946-47), last week remembered out loud that he had earned a pretty penny playing even before he turned pro. Everybody knows that "amateur" tennis-tournament travelers get fat under-the-table fees, wrote Big Jake in *This Week* magazine—everybody, that is, except the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association. And why blame the players? Why call them tennis bums? Topnotch tennis is a 52-week-a-year job; tennis stars have to earn a living like anybody else.

Kramer's suggestions for cleaning up the game are straightforward enough: get the payoff above the table. Hold open tournaments and let both amateurs and pros compete for prize money, "as clean and candid a reward as there is."

In Wiesbaden, Germany last week, where this year's crop of "amateurs" were competing in another tournament, Kramer's plan was cheered. "Every one of us in this tournament is paid, and if we weren't, you can be damned sure there wouldn't be a one of us here," said one player. "What can you do? Turn pro and make less money than the amateurs?"

Said current U.S. Champion Vic Seixas: "Tennis keeps moving along, but there are a lot of fuddies in the U.S.L.T.A. who just keep standing still. Things should change, and unless somebody thinks of a better incentive than money, they're going to change."

Scoreboard

¶ Wet Scottish weather that chilled the rugged old Royal and Ancient links at St. Andrews, where golf grew up, seemed made to order for the U.S. Walker Cup team. The Americans whipped the best British amateurs 10-2. No U.S. golfers had done as well since the team that boasted Bobby Jones and Francis Ouimet won by the same score in 1930.

¶ Limping along on an injured foot, Barbara Romack, 22, champion U.S. amateur woman golfer, lost the British amateur championship by spraying her drives all over the windswept Royal Portrush course in Northern Ireland. Winner, by 7 and 6: Scotland's Mrs. Jessie Valentine, 40, who first took the title 18 years ago when Barbara was just four years old.

¶ After two years of digging in newspapers and record books, Philadelphia Baseball Fan John G. Tattersall discovered that statisticians have been short-changing oldtime Second Baseman Napoleon Lajoie. Credited with a .405 batting average in 1901, Nap actually hit .422, highest ever in the American League, a fact now duly recorded in baseball's Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, N.Y.



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SCIENCE

Weightless in Space

The junior space cadet may scream out in the night as he dreams man's ancient dream of falling through space, but he usually wakes up, at worst, on the floor, with nothing more than a slight bump. The real space traveler can count on no such happy ending. Space scientists believe that he will have to learn to live with a feeling of helpless falling while he flies through the stage of zero gravity. His nightmare will also include arms and legs that do not respond normally, and a sickening mental confusion about which way is up.

Physicists and biologists have recently been piecing together bits of experimental data and theory in an effort to figure just what the human body does when it reaches the point in space beyond the reach



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of earth's comfortable (1 G) gravity pull. In the magazine *Jet Propulsion*, Major David G. Simons, chief of the Air Force Medical Corps Space Biology Branch, gives the most authoritative estimate to date. His conclusion: G-free man will doubtless experience a nerve-racking dislocation that results in space-sickness, but can probably learn to cope with it.

Outside Loop. Airmen learned years ago that the pull of positive Gs can cause blackout because it drives the blood from the head down into the body (*TIME*, Jan. 10). But the G-free, or negative gravity problem, is quite different. It is bound up with the delicate nerve-sensory system—centered in the canals of the inner ear, and in little muscular pressure points located through the body—that tells man whether he is level, falling, upside down or accelerating. This delicate balance sense is closely connected with the nervous system. If disturbed, it can produce effects

Brigadier General Wayne O. Kester (right) and Captain Johnnie Reeves at Holloman Air Force Base, N. Mex.

ranging from nausea (as any victim of seasickness knows) to incapacitating shock.

It is impossible to create G-free conditions within the pull of earth's gravity, but military pilots have found a way to get a partial sub-gravity effect, says Major Simons. By flying in a shallow outside loop, they are lifted lightly out of their seats and can get the effect of fractional gravity for periods of 15 to 20 seconds. One pilot of an F-84 Thunderjet reported a sense of "befuddlement" on his first five flights, and a "tendency to overshoot in reaching out rapidly with his arm." On the remaining 25 flights he learned to anticipate his troubles. But famed Air Force Test Pilot Charles Yeager, at much higher altitudes, reported "serious disorientation in his 13th second of weightlessness."

Yeager, writes Major Simons, "got the impression that he was spinning around slowly in no particularly defined direction. After 15 seconds he became lost in space and pulled out [of his flight pattern]. With his returning weight his badly needed orientation was restored too."

Mouse Trap. Reviewing one of the basic pieces of no-gravity research, Major Simons analyzes the 1952 test flight of two mice in the test of an Aerohee rocket. Before the flight, biologists removed the inner ear sensory system of one of the mice, left the other normal, and put each in a "compartment in a rotating smooth-walled drum with an irregularity that afforded a possible foothold for each." Cameras recorded the brief critical no-gravity point of the rocket flight: the desensitized mouse clung to his perch, "whereas the normal animal clawed at the air, suggesting disorientation."

A subsequent experiment with monkeys "clearly established the fact that the weightless state itself produces no disturbance of circulation in terms of heart rate or arterial and venous blood pressures," says Major Simons. "This does not mean that the circulation might not be involved secondarily due to emotional and autonomic reactions to weightlessness. Such reactions are essentially the same whether caused by weightlessness, a rough sea or an obnoxious mother-in-law."

Inside Problem. Generally, the experiments indicate that a human who can see or touch something to orient himself will be able to fight down the warnings from a sensory system gone haywire in weightlessness (much as a pilot learns to fly his airplane by what his instruments tell him even though this contradicts what his balance system tells him). Scientists are not yet clear what may happen without any touch or sight reference—for example, to a man inside a free-floating space ship, says Major Simons, "indications are that severe disorientation can occur."

Nevertheless, he concludes, accumulating evidence indicates that man can learn to get used to the sense of floating or falling, and master his reactions sufficiently "to avoid an attack of incapacitating space-sickness."



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New Gadgets

¶ Despite all the progress in long-range radio aids to aerial navigation, a good navigator likes best to find where in the world he is by celestial star sights, a process that involves only himself, his sextant and the heavenly bodies. Last week New York's Kollsman Instrument Corp. gave the ancient science of celestial navigation a modern twist, announced a new sextant that, once preset, will seek out the proper star or planet, average a series of sights, and flash its readings by remote control to the navigator. With a three-star fix, he can pinpoint the position of his aircraft within two miles under normal flight conditions. But the big advantage lies in the fact that he can do it without ever budging from his navigation charts. The system would be of invaluable help to fighter-bomber pilots on long-range missions. Also, airmen have long speculated that an automatic celestial navigator will ultimately guide intercontinental guided missiles.

¶ Ultrasonic vibrations of a ship's hull will keep the ship free of the mariner's ancient scourge, the barnacle. A British inventor announced last week. Birmingham Biochemist M.H.M. Arnold first rigged up a generator to make a bundle of thin metal plates vibrate at 25 kc., found that the plates were clean after long immersion in barnacle-infested waters. Next he fitted generator and plates to the hull of a barnacle-prone 17,000-ton liner *Union Castle*, so the entire hull vibrated silently. After an 18-month voyage, *Union Castle* returned clean. So did a second test ship after five months in the Far East. The vibrations do not kill either the barnacles or their larvae, says Arnold but they make the hull an unbearably uncomfortable haven for both.

Trial by Viking

In the movies and science fiction, rockets are almost as dependable as the family car. The take-off from earth is normally uneventful. The captain or dispatcher turns a switch, and off whooshes the rocket into the infinite.

Real rockets are not so reliable. In a new book, *The Viking Rocket Story* (Harper, \$3.75), Milton W. Rosen describes the host of mechanical harpies that claw at each rocket that tries to take off. Rosen is permitted to go into gruesome detail because he is head of the Navy's Viking Rocket Project, and the Viking is not a military weapon but a research rocket for exploring the upper atmosphere. Behind their curtain of secrecy, military rockets have the same troubles—troubles that explain the notorious slowness of guided missile development.

Hostile Guerrillas. Rosen's first rocket, Viking-1, was tested over and over in the Eastern factories (Glenn L. Martin Co. and Reaction Motors) where it was built. In January 1949 it was shipped to White Sands Proving Ground, N. Mex., for final testing and flight. It looked fine: a slim aluminum pencil 22 in. in diameter and 44 ft. long, packed with the finest products of modern technology. But deep in



Robert Philpot—Black Star

ROCKETEER ROSEN & VIKING MODEL
Inside, a host of mechanical harpies. Its innards, as Rosen and his devoted crew gradually discovered, were massed echelons of hostile guerrillas: valves that refused to close or to open, electrical leaks and short circuits of high and low degree. A few showed up before the "static firing" (rockets held to the ground); others maliciously held themselves in reserve.

There were so many delays and abortive trials that the White Sands supply of concentrated peroxide threatened to run out. This touchy explosive liquid, used to drive the Viking's fuel pump, was obtainable only in Buffalo, and to get a new supply would take two weeks because it could be shipped only by careful rail transport. When the discouraging news reached the Martin plant, two designers, Bill Webb and Jack Early, hopped into a station wagon, picked up a drum of peroxide at Buffalo, and drove the fearful stuff to New Mexico with carefree speed.

Final Triumph. Even such heroic action did not make the Viking-1 fly until May 3. When it did, its power shut off prematurely, and it rose only 50 miles, instead of the expected 100 miles or more. Viking-2, otherwise a little more docile, did the same thing, rising only 32 miles. Finally the trouble with both rockets was discovered: a small leak that did not develop until the rocket was in flight and vibrated.

Rosen's book, written with dry humor, recounts many such troubles with lurking, inanimate devils. One by one they were driven out of their hiding places, although one Viking blew up and another tore itself free during a static test. At last, after years of trying, Viking-7 triumphed, rising 137 miles and exceeding the altitude record (114 miles) of the much larger and more expensive German V-2. In 1954, Viking-11 established a new record (158 miles) for a single-stage rocket.

Rosen is cautiously hopeful about the future of rocketry and space flight, but he has no illusions. His book makes clear that each advance in design introduces new opportunities for delay and disaster.

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THE PRESS

Appeal Rejected

When Cleveland *Press* staffers took a courtroom picture of a deposed local judge on trial for embezzlement, the judge hearing the case objected. But the *Press* went ahead anyway, was held in contempt of court (TIME, Sept. 21, 1953) and fined \$500 plus a token jail term for the city editor—one hour in the sheriff's custody. The *Press*'s Editor Louis Seltzer announced that he would appeal the verdict to the highest courts in the U.S.

Last week the U.S. Supreme Court refused to hear the appeal. Seltzer conceded that the paper had "no choice" but to accept the court's verdict. The *Press*, however, still felt it had a right to print the picture. Said a *Press* editorial: "It was not the picture taking that upset [the judge]. It was the picture being printed . . . This was a clear case of special privilege being sought for a favored defendant."

Revolution at the *Trib*

Said a New York *Herald Tribune* staffer: "There is a not-so-quiet revolution going on at our paper." The revolutionist: 29-year-old Ogden ("Brownie") Reid Jr., youngest publisher of a big daily in the U.S. and one of the most assured. Only a month ago, when his mother Helen Rogers Reid named him president of the paper and his elder brother Whitelaw ("Whitey"), 41, stepped upstairs to be chairman of the board (TIME, April 18), she insisted that her two sons would run the *Trib* as "a team." But the team plan vanished quickly. From the day he took over, Brownie Reid has set in motion the biggest overhaul the *Trib* has undergone in years. Whitelaw Reid is off in California on a long vacation.

Some of the changes were internal. Last week Publisher Reid summoned his news staff to the city room and announced the latest round. For one thing there was a hole to fill on the staff. City Editor Fendall Yerxa, whose authority has gradually been sapped and his staff cut out from under him, had resigned to become executive editor of the Wilmington (Del.) *News* and *Journal*-*Evening News*. Into his place Brownie put Luke Carroll, 39, veteran (13 years) *Trib* staffer and its onetime Chicago correspondent, who will also continue as news editor. Brownie had an even bigger announcement. He was pulling *Trib* Managing Editor Everett Walker, 48, off the daily paper entirely, moving him over to pep up the Sunday *Trib*, which has long been one of the Reids' biggest problems. Sunday Editor Joe Herzberg, who had got the same assignment three years ago (but little power to carry it out), will become associate Sunday editor.

Man from Milwaukee. Brownie did not name a new managing editor for the *Trib*; he did not need one. When he became boss last month, onto the paper came Frank Taylor, longtime ad and promotion man on Seattle newspapers and

view of the changes. One complaint is that during the *Trib*'s belt-tightening close to 20 reporters have left its city staff alone, a one-third reduction. Some *Trib* staffers hold Brownie largely responsible. Although he has been in complete command only for a month, he has been running the paper's finances for more than a year, when he returned from Paris after putting the European edition of the *Trib* handsomely in the black.

Course Change. Brownie Reid is not surprised at the feeling of unrest at the *Trib*. But he thinks that the new diet is working fine. Unless there are unforeseen setbacks, says he, the *Trib* should finish the year well in the black for the first time in four years. Circulation and advertising are up, and he has big plans for expanding the paper's general news coverage, sports, features and business and financial news. The first issue of the new Sunday pocket-sized TV magazine (TIME, May 23) was a "big success," and Brownie hopes to syndicate it nationally.

Will his new formula for the *Trib* work? Most *Trib* staffers and newsmen on other papers are willing to wait and see. They realize that the *Trib* has been drifting for so long that it needs a new firm course. *Trib* staffers devoutly hope that Brownie has picked the right one.

The Free-Lancers

For their contents most U.S. magazines are dependent on the ruggedly individualistic breed of writers called free-lancers. The free-lancers write more than half the articles that appear in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Reader's Digest*, *Collier's*, *McCall's*, *This Week* and scores of others. And their importance has vastly increased in recent years as U.S. magazines, which were once mostly fiction, have shifted to about 75% nonfiction. Thus, except for the handful of magazines that are largely staff-written, free-lancers have become indispensable. "The free-lancer," says *Collier's* Editor Roger Dakin, "is the backbone of the magazine industry." He is also the substance of an American dream.

For years the vision of good pay, independence, no office hours, etc., has attracted thousands of writers and would-be writers to free-lancing. Last week, in one day, *Saturnpost* alone received close to 300 manuscripts "over the transom," i.e., unsolicited. Self-help magazines—*Writer's Digest*, *Author and Journalist*, etc.—bolster the dream with enticing ads: "No More Rejection Slips," or "Enjoy Fame and Fortune as a Writer."

Reality v. Dream. Actually, the reality is much less enticing than the dream. Of the thousands who have tried free-lancing magazine articles, only about 70 or 80 in the U.S. earn upwards of \$10,000 a year. Countless others, including many professional newsmen, write an occasional article, or hold regular jobs while they try to free-lance on the side. But the successful full-time free-lancer who depends only on the articles he sells to magazines is a rare breed. "Since the decline of the oldtime prospector," says Morton Sontheimer, past president of the 91-member Society



Martha Holmes
HERALD TRIBUNE'S REID & TAYLOR
Out of the blue.

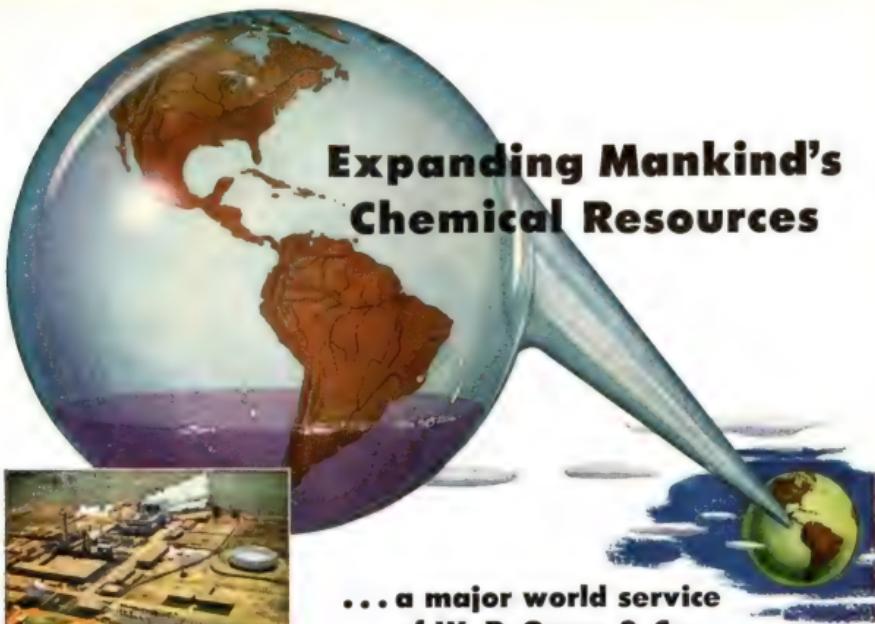
former publisher of Hearst's Milwaukee *Sentinel*, *Trib* staffers thought that Taylor was coming in primarily on the business side. But Executive Vice President Taylor quickly set them straight.

Taylor runs the Page One conference, can decide the play of news, make staff changes, is operating boss of the paper (except for the editorial page) under Brownie. Together, they are transforming the *Trib*, with new entertainment features, splashier makeup, a new contest called "Treasuregrams," and a heavier emphasis on "reader-interest" stories.

Many an old *Trib* hand takes a dim



Jon Bannels
FREE-LANCER TAYLOR
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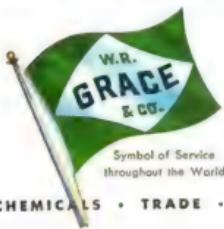
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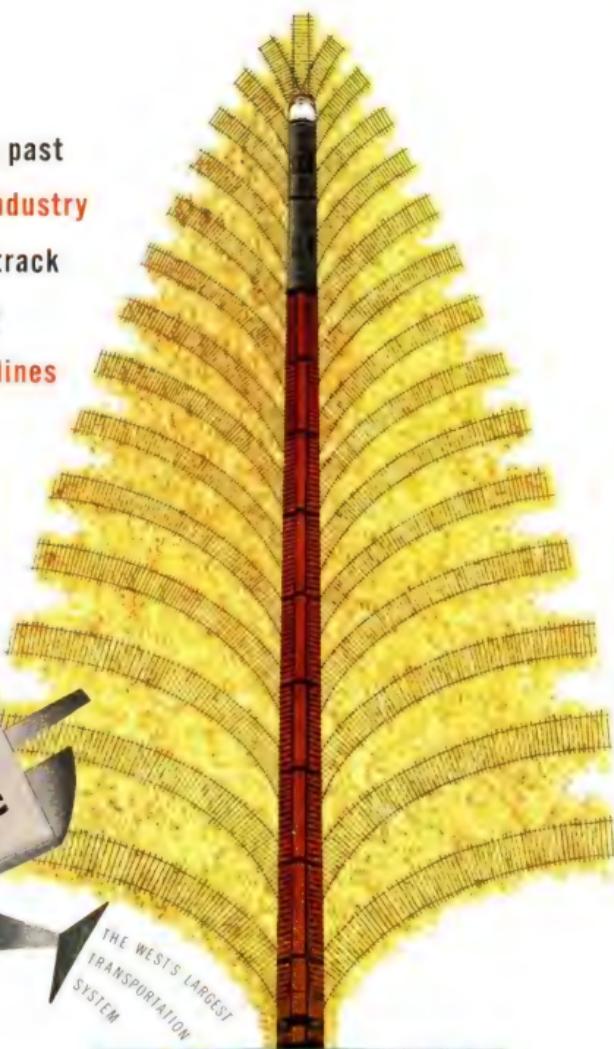
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Walter Bennett

FREE-LANCER MARTIN

Problems for the grocer.

of Magazine Writers. "few people have worked with less companionship, few have had to rely more on their own resources."

For the top writers magazines compete fiercely. *Satevepost* pays a new writer \$750 for his first piece, then jumps in steps of \$250 to as high as \$2,500, or even \$10,000. *Collier's* averages \$1,000 for an article, the *Reader's Digest* \$2,000, but both magazines go higher. Editors also woo writers by other means, e.g., the *Post* specializes in "Fast service," tries to give a free-lancer an answer on an article or an idea within 24 hours after receiving it. *Digest* Editor DeWitt Wallace often sends handsome bonuses to writers whose work he likes.

Between Checks. A successful free-lancer usually submits at least four or five article ideas for every one a magazine takes. He rarely begins to work on an article until he gets a green light from an editor. If the article is turned down, expense money may be all the free-lancer gets unless the magazine decides, or has agreed in advance, to pay him a "minimum guarantee." Success comes hard, but it comes steadily to those who stick to it. Ex-Reporter John Bartlow Martin, 39, who lives in Chicago, started writing at 14 to 26 a word for pulp crime and detective magazines, graduated to *Harper's*, which averages \$250 to \$350 a piece, and finally also began selling to *Satevepost* and other slick magazines. Says he: "I like everything about free-lancing, with the exception of the lack of security. Sometimes it's four to six months between checks, and that creates problems for my grocer and everybody else."

One writer who no longer worries about the grocery bills is Frank J. Taylor, 60, dean of the free-lancers. Although Taylor now considers himself "in semi-retirement," he still writes ten or twelve articles a year for *Satevepost* and *Reader's Digest*. Before he slowed down, Taylor wrote 35

or 40 a year, was once dubbed by *Satevepost* Editor Ben Hibbs "a writing factory." Taylor's factory is a worker's dream. In his handsome, rambling redwood home in the hills near Los Altos, Calif. he rarely works beyond noon, spends afternoons tending his orchards. He outlines each article in full, then dictates a rough draft into a recording machine, which his secretary transcribes. Then Taylor does as many as eight new drafts on his portable before he considers his article finished.

No two free-lancers have the same habits. Robert Lewis Taylor (no kin to Frank) starts to work at 1 a.m., takes a two-hour nap at 3, works until breakfast at 8:30, then finishes for the day at noon. Between articles Taylor has written seven books, on everything from Winston Churchill to W. C. Fields, also writes occasional fiction and is a regular contributor to *The New Yorker*.⁹ Many another successful free-lancer carves out a special area for himself, e.g., J. D. Ratcliff, science and medicine; Howard Whitman, popular sociology. But even the "specialists" go far afield if they come across an article idea that interests them—and the editor of a magazine they write for.

Senator-Writer. Most successful free-lancers would not trade their work for regular jobs with the same income. They value their freedom, although it is deceptive; if a free-lancer is not well disciplined, he often finds himself working longer hours than he would on a regular job. "It's a brutal discipline," says Washington Free-Lancer Sidney Shaleft, "and you have to stick to it. If you make the mistake of trying to write fiction in your spare time or fix light bulbs around the house, you're finished." The illusion of not having a boss is also deceptive; instead of one boss they have to satisfy a dozen editors. Says Free-Lancer Maurice Zolotow, who often writes about personalities in the entertainment world: "Once every year most free-lancers are bound to go through a period of despondency. Editors just don't seem to appreciate your genius. When that happens, I just see my analyst and go back to free-lancing again."

But their biggest problem is still security. Many a free-lancer gives up because he cannot stand the strain of worrying over where his next check is coming from. With increasing success, however, the question of security solves itself. When a free-lancer begins to write regularly for several magazines, he can begin to count on their checks just as the magazine can count on the quality of the articles it orders from him. A free-lancer who has stood the gauntlet long enough to become successful finds it a good life. Says Oregon Democratic Senator Richard Neuberger, who free-lanced for years before he was elected to the Senate: "There's no better existence than a free-lancer's if you can make a go of it. Being a Senator is not nearly so good a life."

⁹ Which has a unique arrangement with many of its regular free-lance contributors. It puts them on a "drawing account," lets them "borrow" what amounts to a regular salary against earnings from future articles.



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MUSIC

Europe by Ear

Europe used to spend its summers dis-
playing castles, cathedrals, ruins and
mountain vistas. Nowadays, sightseeing
is being heavily supplemented by music-
hearing. From metropolis to hamlet the
cry echoes: "Let's start a festival!" One
happy hamlet that has followed the call is
Germany's Bad Bertrich (pop. 800),
nestled on a hillside 45 miles from Co-
hienz, near the Moselle river. It is mod-
erately well known for its waters (good
for stomach, gall bladder and liver dis-
orders) and its 18th century castle, one-
time residence of Prince-Bishop Clement
Wenceslaus. Only a few years ago, tourists
in Bad Bertrich seemed to be just about
as dead as Clement: the bath houses were
in disrepair, the castle was falling apart,
and mighty few American or even British
gall bladders were in evidence. Then, a
new administrative director named Wil-
helm Hammer set out to find a good rea-
son for a music festival.

Sure enough, it turned out that good
Prince-Bishop Wenceslaus had been a pa-
tron of music. His favorites: one Vincenzo
Righini (1756-1812) and one Josef
Martin Kraus (1756-92), who once had a
symphony conducted by Haydn. That was all
Impresario Hammer needed to know.
Now a baroque-music week is a perma-
nent fixture in Bad Bertrich. This year's
festival gets underway next month with
music by Righini and Kraus, plus Mozart,
Haydn and Schumann. It will be played
in the castle's candlelit hall, dominated
by portraits of the Prince-Bishop and his
sister Kunigunde. Officials are hoping for
close to 10,000 visitors.

Mediterranean to Baltic. Not all festi-
vals can offer a patroness named Kunigunde,
or a liver cure, but in their own



CHAMBER-MUSIC CONCERT AT BAD BERTRICH
Thanks to good Prince Wenceslaus.

way, 43 villages, towns and cities in West Germany are staging "musical manifestations" this summer. In the rest of Europe, from Mediterranean to Baltic Sea, there are some half a hundred more. Seventeen of them have found it advisable to band together to avoid conflicts in scheduling, programming and hiring of artists, and to prevent rivalries from breaking out.

Both Würzburg and, this year, Hannover have moved in on Mozart programs, which used to be virtually cornered by Salzburg, while Italy's Bari, hitherto barely in the festival swim, is putting itself on the back for having landed a prize catch this year: Pianist Artur Rubinstein. Doing the festival rounds even faster than the fleetest-footed musical tourist will be a gaggle of other big-name artists. The speed and distance record probably goes to famed German Soprano Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, who will dash between Scandinavia (Helsinki, Bergen), Switzerland (Lucerne), Belgium (Ostend), France (Aix and Besançon) and Spain (Granada). Almost as agile will be the U.S.'s own great Philadelphia Orchestra, whose stops will include Lugano, Vienna, Bordeaux, Strasbourg, Stockholm, Helsinki.

Florence to Munich. Many festival cities are near saturation point. Last year Florence's 8,000 spare beds were entirely insufficient to handle the 600,000 out-of-towners who were in the city during the Maggio Musicale. Hardly any of the festivals show a profit (most of them are subsidized), but tradespeople consider them fine for cashing in on the tourist dollar. This summer 600,000 U.S. visitors are expected in Europe. The more dedicated festivalgoers have written for tickets a year or so in advance, but travel agencies still book a symphony concert as handily as a gondola ride. Tourists who do not know what they ought to like in the way of culture can turn themselves over to one of the new package tours

being conducted by professional music guides. They pick up the customer at Idlewild Airport, shuffle him through a pattern of the right sights and sounds, then deposit him back on U.S. soil. Typical cost: \$1,500 for six weeks.

What does the music tourist have to choose from in Europe? He may wander through the Alps to the Swiss town of Fribourg, where he will be nearly swamped under the crush of 3,000 yodelers, on hand to compete for the tenth national championship. On his Rhine journey he may stop off in Coblenz to hear Johann Strauss' *A Night in Venice*, waterborne on a float in a quiet inlet of the river. Or he may try a harmonica and accordion festival in Nürnberg, where the best West German bands will be chosen at the end of this month. To escape from the harmonicas, he may try the palace of Herreninsel near Munich, where chamber music will be performed by the light of 4,000 candles. If, on the other hand, he wants solid fare with a lather of expensive soloists and music he might recognize, he can follow his ears almost anywhere.

Edinburgh (Aug. 21-Sept. 10) will have as bulky a line-up as ever with the BBC Symphony, the Berlin, New York and London Royal Philharmonic orchestras, the Glyndebourne opera, an all-star trio (Pianist Solomon, Violinist Zino Francescatti, Cellist Pierre Fournier), plus a score of others.

Salzburg (July 24-Aug. 30) continues to concentrate on its very own Mozart, but its big news this year is the world première of German Composer Werner Egk's opera *Irish Legend*. Other items: new sets for Mozart's *Magic Flute* by brilliant Austrian Expressionist Oskar Kokoschka, star-led concerts by the Vienna Philharmonic.

Bayreuth (July 22-Aug. 21) will present seven Wagner operas (*The Ring* cycle, *Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser*,



John Dominis—Life

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El Paso Natural Gas Co.	El Paso, Texas
Florida Power & Light Co.	Miami, Fla.
C. F. Kettering, General Motors Corp.	Modesto, Calif.
Miller Construction Co.	Winton, Ohio
Odessa Natural Gasoline Co.	Odessa, Texas
Parsippany Coal Co.	Clarkson, N.Y.
Reynolds Metals Co.	Ridmond, Va.
Sinclair Oil & Refining Co.	Caracas, Venezuela
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Parsifal) staged by the composer's grandsons, in a style unmatched by any of the world's opera houses. Metropolitan Soprano Astrid Varnay and Tenor Ramon Vinay will sing several of the top roles.

Ansbach, Germany, for no reason except enthusiasm and the fact that the old Bach stronghold, Leipzg, is now behind the Iron Curtain, puts on its annual Bach festival (July 23-30). On hand: Spanish Guitarist Andrés Segovia, U.S. Harpsichordist Ralph Kirkpatrick. Featured chorral work, the *B-Minor Mass*.

Munich will present its famed opera festival (Aug. 12-Sept. 11), with performances by the Bavarian State Opera. On the imposing agenda: seven each by Wagner and Richard Strauss, four by Mozart and one each by Handel and Pfitzner.

Wuppertal, at 100, one of the oldest music festivals of all, will star Composer Paul Hindemith, conducting his new oratorio, *Die Angeli Veloce* (June 4-6).

Aix-en-Provence, France, already a center for painters, added music in 1948. The three-week festival (July 10-31) is underwritten, among other sponsors, by the local gambling casino. This summer's fare: operas by Gluck, Mozart and Gounod; three orchestras including the Paris Conservatory, plus Paris' top-notch Loeenguth Quartet.

Prades (July 2-18) will present famed Cellist Pablo Casals, 78, in his sixth festival, this one devoted to music of Bach, Schubert and Brahms. Other soloists: Violinist Yehudi Menuhin; Pianists Eugene Istomin and Mieczyslaw Horszowski; Singers Eleanor Steber, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Jan Peerce.

Bergen, Norway, will be gay with folk dancing and flags for its third annual festival (May 26-June 7). Famed for its musical sons Edvard Grieg and Violinist Ole Bull, the city will feature Scandinavian music played by Bergen and Copenhagen orchestras. Star soloist: Russian Violinist David Oistrakh.

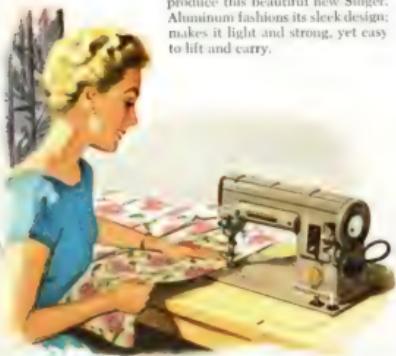
Holland will stage performances in The Hague-Scheveningen, Amsterdam, Rotterdam and 13 cities and other towns (June 15-July 15). Besides the first-rate Concertgebouw and Hague Residentie orchestras, the Israel Philharmonic, Milan's La Scala opera and the New York City Ballet will perform.

Rome, in the ancient Baths of Caracalla (June 30-Aug. 28), and **Verona**, in the Roman Amphitheater (July 20-Aug. 15), will set some of Italy's top singers (Fedora Barbieri, Giuseppe Di Stefano, Mario Del Monaco) in heroic operatic surroundings.

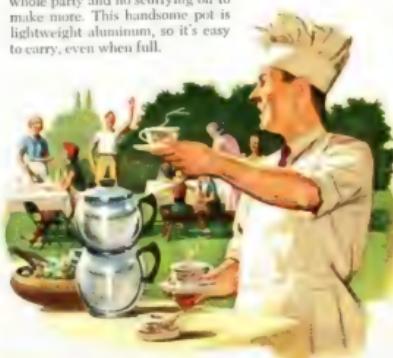
Venice (Sept. 11-25), which does not specialize in big-name performers at its respected annual modern-music fete, nevertheless has its big-name composers. This year's big event: the world première of Prokofiev's *The Flaming Angel*. The opera was finished in the '20s but never got a Russian performance, presumably because of its religious theme.

* The oldest: England's Three Choirs Festival held this year in Hereford, which is some 250 years old.

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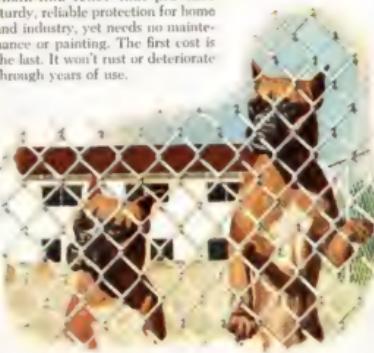


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RADIO & TELEVISION

Top Ten

The ten most popular TV shows, according to the latest Nielsen ratings:

- 1) *I Love Lucy*
- 2) *Toast of the Town*
- 3) *Jackie Gleason Show*
- 4) *Disneyland*
- 5) *You Bet Your Life*
- 6) *Dagagnet*
- 7) *Marietta Raye Show*
- 8) *George Gobel Show*
- 9) *Milton Berle Show*
- 10) *Ford Theater*

Cooking for the Camera

"It's best to cook a strudel when you feel mean," said Dione Lucas last week as she demonstrated how to do it over Manhattan's WPIX. "The beast stands or falls on how hard you beat it. If you beat the dough 99 times, you will have a fair strudel. If you beat it 100 times, you will



Courtesy of WPIX

CHEF LUCAS

The beast needs a good beating.

have a good strudel. But if you beat it 101 times, you will have a superb strudel."

Dione Lucas ought to know. Born in Italy, raised in France, she is a handsome, 46-year-old Englishwoman whose lifelong love affair with the fine art of cooking began at 16 in the kitchen of one of the best restaurants in Paris. Today she is easily the best and most authentic thing of her kind on TV, is seen on film in about 60 U.S. cities and "live" in the New York area.

It is a measure of how TV cooking has declined that Dione Lucas does not have a horde of imitators. Gone are the old days when TV cooking simmered along on full-length programs over most stations around the country and the meringue melted under hot lights.

Ham Sandwich. Today the lights are not so hot, but neither is the outlook for TV cooks. Last week Boston, hub of New England cooking, could boast only two half-hour cooking spots a week. Chicago had only two TV cooks. San Francisco, whose cooking ranks with the best in the U.S., had none. The trend was the same in other parts of the country.

The trouble seems to be that the TV brass just does not believe that housewives are interested in good cooking. Where TV cooking has survived, it generally aims at a mass audience that will buy sponsored gastronomic monstrosities (e.g., prewhipped cream).

Many showmen seem a little ashamed of the cooking part of the show, and often sandwich it like an old piece of dry ham between a slice of news and a slice of music, both considered more substantial and more palatable.

Song to a Lamb. One NBC official admits that TV Chef Mike Roy (KRCA-TV in Los Angeles) owes his success to the fact that he is not a professional cook, but an actor who can ad lib and keep guest cooks laughing. Another NBC cook this one a past master, felt obligated on one *Home* show from New York to fight a duel with skewers of *shish kebab* while singing *I Love Ewe*.

But Chef Dione Lucas remains a purist. She calmly refuses the customary TV gimmicks, chats informally with a sprinkling of wit and common sense as she displays her skill with a skillet. Last week she demonstrated *poupiettes de veau Fontenay* and the unpurgated chicken marrano (two small chickens are browned in sweet butter; a hen lobster is sautéed, then shelled; chickens and lobster are flamed in cognac, sprinkled with an aromatic sauce of tomatoes, mushrooms, shallots, tarragon and dry vermouth, garnished with fried eggs on croutons and slices of truffles). Chef Lucas makes it look easy, but any housewife ought to know better.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, May 25. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Climax! (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS). Ernest Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*, adapted by Gore Vidal.

Person to Person (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Margaret Truman, substituting for Ed Murrow, interviews Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Truman from their home in Independence, Mo.

Baseball Game of the Week (Sat. 1:45 p.m., CBS). Brooklyn Dodgers v. New York Giants. Plays called by "Dizzy" Dean and Buddy Blattner.

The Preakness Stakes (Sat. 5:30 p.m., CBS TV and radio). From Pimlico.

Producer's Showcase (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC). *The Petrified Forest*, starring Henry Fonda, Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Robert Merrill (real name: Robert Miller), 37, Metropolitan Opera baritone and Marion Machno Merrill, 25; their first child, a son; in Manhattan. Name: David Robert. Weight: 6 lbs, 10 oz.

Married. Stephen Potter, 55, bony British humorist (famed for his puckish "man-ship" books (*Gamesmanship*, *One-Uppmanship*, *Lifemanship*); and Mrs. Heather Jenner, 39, blonde, bestselling (*Marriage Is My Business*) British authority on courtship; both for the second time (her first ended in divorce after her husband accused her of adultery, naming Potter as correspondent); in London.

Died. James Agee, 45, novelist (*The Morning Watch*), poet (*Permit Me Voyage*), screen writer (*The Quiet One*, *The African Queen*), onetime magazine writer (for *FORTUNE*) and cinema critic (for *TIME*); of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. George Arthur Sloan, 61, industrialist (U.S. Steel, Goodyear Tire and Rubber) and president (since May 15) of the International Chamber of Commerce, who resigned in April after nine years as chairman of the Metropolitan Opera Association, 17 years as a member of the board; after an operation; in Manhattan.

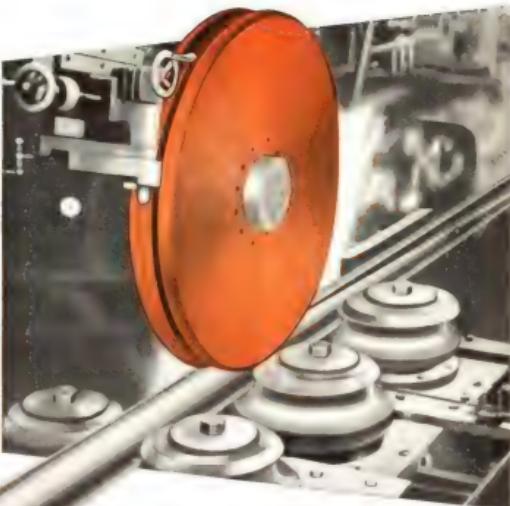
Died. Dr. Mary McLeod Bethune, 79, co-founder and president-emeritus of Bethune-Cookman College in Daytona Beach, Fla.; of a heart attack; in Daytona Beach (see EDUCATION).

Died. Owen Josephus Roberts, 80, broad-shouldered, broad-gauged Associate Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court (1930-45) who gained a reputation as the court's "swing man" by voting independently of either liberal or conservative factions in the pre-Roosevelt court, later shifted to a more conservative position under the New Deal; of a heart attack; at his home near Phoenixville, Pa. Plain-spoken, scholarly Owen Roberts won fame as prosecutor in the 1922 Teapot Dome scandal, was named to the high court by Herbert Hoover, eventually became the sole non-Roosevelt appointee. A lifelong Republican and anti-isolationist, he headed the controversial 1942 Pearl Harbor Report board that exonerated the Roosevelt Administration of blame for unpreparedness, after his retirement devoted much of his time to fostering support for a political union of democratic nations. His favorite judicial maxim, drawn from Justice Holmes: "If a law makes you want to puke, then due process has been denied."

Died. Msgr. Antoine Pierre Arida, 91, bearded patriarch of Antioch and all the Orient, spiritual leader of some 500,000 members of the Maronite rite of the Roman Catholic Church, one of the Church's eight patriarchs, who rank just below the College of Cardinals; in Beirut, Lebanon.

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ART

Shock Dispenser

While still at art school in his native England, Edward John Burra gave evidence of a highly individualistic approach to life. He daubed the noses of classical casts with red paint, took to washing his face in film developer. He also made himself a first-rate draftsman and a master of watercolor. Thus equipped, he took to wandering like a self-propelled vacuum cleaner into ugly corners of the everyday world, sucking up sordid impressions to belch out as nightmare pictures. Burra's brush can turn a gin mill into an outpost of hell, a whore into a rapacious owl, a bottle into an imp with one malignant eye peering from the lip. Now a birdlike, tattered little man of 50, Burra rivals his compatriot Francis Bacon (TIME, Oct. 19, 1953) as a shock dispenser. His latest collection of watercolors, on view last week at Boston's Swoettzoff Gallery, bowled over even the blasé Brahmins of Beacon Hill and led the Boston *Herald* to call him "a poet of the underworld."

Burra works slowly (more than a month to a picture) at a table drawn up to the window of whatever room he happens to occupy. He uses the largest sheets of watercolor paper he can get, sometimes pastes four together. Starting with a light pencil sketch, he lays in his flat, thick col-



BURRA'S GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE
An unpleasant laugh below the cellar stairs.

ors layer on layer, while keeping the contours crisp. Burra's end results generally have the sharp complexity of cactus, and the effect of an unpleasant, totally unexpected laugh sounding from below the cellar stairs.

One picture in Burra's Boston exhibition gave promise of still better to come. He had not bothered to give it a title, but

the subject was clearly Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane (see cut). Scores of old masters have given the scene more spiritual impact, yet few have conceived it any more compactly and dramatically than Burra has. As always with Burra, evil ruled the conception. But this time the evil was not the housebroken monster of a man fascinated by undigested

GOLD FOR GOLD



EDWARD HOPPER

A TALL famously reticent old man will stand up this week to receive one of the highest honors possible to U.S. artists: the Gold Medal for Painting presented by the National Institute of Arts and Letters.⁹ Edward Hopper, 72, has been informed, to his great relief, that all he has to say on that great occasion is one word: "Thanks." That, doubtless, is just what he will say. But "You're welcome" would be more appropriate. For the award itself is a kind of thanks for something that could never be paid for in coin of the realm: a 24-carat contribution to American art. In an age when the younger generation of artists is plunging headlong into the fashionable mists of abstractionism, Hopper is a spearhead of the opposite tradition, that art should reflect the contemporary scene.

Ugliness & Grandeur. Hopper had the initial good luck to study with Robert Henri, the No. 1 professor of the "Ash Can School" (TIME, May 16), who inspired him to paint the world he saw as he saw it. At first, his vision of his world was too dour to please art collectors, and in the course of 23 long years he sold only two paintings. But with the Depression, Hopper's harsh, lonely and hard-bitten view of America became understandable to millions. Through the man-made ugliness he most often chose to paint, a raw but very human grandeur began to be felt, and his fame was made.

If Hopper's street scenes, hotel lobbies, lunch counters, gas stations and movie houses never seem temples of the human

spirit, they do look very much like what they are—expressions of human striving in all its disarray. The disarray, the occasional sordidness, are only pointed up by the pristine order and clarity of his composition. Hopper's subject matter is almost invariably common, his art contrastingly austere. He presents common denominators in a monumental way.

Paint & Passion. Hopper first sketched *Early Sunday Morning* (opposite) on "Seventh Avenue, or maybe Eighth. They've torn the shops down since." He did the oil in the small, tidy Washington Square studio where he has lived for 42 years. His wife, also an artist, poses for most of his figures, as she did for the woman in the window in *Cape Cod Morning*. "It's a woman looking out to see if the weather's good enough to hang out her wash," she explains. "Did I say that?" Hopper rumbles in contradiction. "You're making it Norman Rockwell. From my point of view she's just looking out the window, just looking out the window."

Hopper's reference to Rockwell, one of the best living magazine illustrators, points up a side of his own work which draws sneers from younger, advance-guard painters. Illustration is anecdotal, as Hopper's art is not; he avoids cute touches and tells no story. Yet because his sober realism is as different from the abstractionism now in fashion as it is from straight illustration, some abstractionists dismiss him as a mere illustrator. His pictures lack "paint quality," they say, and indeed he does lay paint on canvas as dryly and flatly as any calendar painter. But Hopper's purpose is not to seduce the eye with dribbles or explosions of paint-for-paint's-sake; he makes paint subservient to vision. Showing, not showing off, is to him the important thing.

Together with a handful of contemporaries, notably Charles Sheeler and Charles Burchfield, Hopper maintains a tradition which fashion can slight yet never sink. It sometimes disguises a deeply poetic view of the world in deliberately prosy realism. Still, the poetry and the passion are there to sustain it.

⁹ Among the five previous recipients since 1909: John Singer Sargent and John Sloan.



EDWARD HOPPER'S "CAPE COD MORNING," 1930

"EARLY SUNDAY MORNING," 1930



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fears. Burra's *Gethsemane* faced the on-rushing moment of one of history's greatest—though necessary—evils from a very great distance, and showed it plain.

Fake Madonna

A quiet nightmare haunting museum directors is the fear that they may wind up with a fake masterpiece on their hands. Last week Sir Philip Hendy, director of London's august National Gallery, woke up to find that for him the dream had come true. A London art dealer had proved that the National Gallery's *Virgin with Angel and Child* by the 15th century Italian, Francesco Francia, was a fake.

For Art Dealer Leonard F. Koester, the matter of the false Virgin had been a 6,000-guinea (\$18,000) question, the price he paid a year ago for a similar Francia. Koester lined up his own art experts, including one who noted: "Your picture shows the fine crisp *craquelure*



Koester

FAKE MADONNA & ART DETECTIVE
Spiders in the "craquelure."

[cracks in the varnish] characteristic of many Renaissance paintings," and "the anatomy, e.g., of the Virgin's eye socket . . . is better understood and more determinedly modeled."

When the British press turned the dispute into a guessing game, the National Gallery decided it was time to put its Francia through a threefold lab test: X-ray, infra-red and microscopic analysis. The results were conclusive. The X rays showed that the paint in the National Gallery's Francia did not have the heavy amounts of lead carbonate usual in most Renaissance paintings. Infra-red exposure for half a minute revealed black pencil lines under the paint (unknown in Francia's works). More important the pencil sketch was not in Francia's style. Under the microscope the painting's *craquelure*, instead of conforming to the regular pattern, spidered over the painting.

For Sir Philip Hendy there was only one way out. Last week he admitted the National Gallery's mistake. Said Sir Philip: "I think it is the only fake the National Gallery owns. But it is a fake." Art Dealer Koester promptly put his true *Virgin* on display in his St. James's gallery. Asking price: 18,000 guineas.

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS Up Another Notch

To no one's great surprise, the Commerce Department announced last week that during 1955's first quarter, the U.S. gross national product had risen to an annual rate of \$370 billion, equaling the old record set in the second quarter of 1953. Now the big question is: How much higher will it rise?

The Federal Reserve Board indicated that it expects gross national production to hit a total of \$380 billion by year's end, almost \$15 billion higher than the previous peak in 1953, and \$23 billion better than 1954.

But the rise is not going to be unbroken. The FRB expects the pace to slacken a bit in the next few months, slowed by a "leveling off" of steel and automobile output, then finish the year with a rush in the fourth quarter.

The expected "leveling off" in steel and autos may have already begun. As of the middle of May, although new cars were still selling well, dealers had about 750,000 new cars on hand, the biggest backlog since prewar days. While current orders from automakers remain strong, demand is expected to slip soon. However, with non-auto steel buying continuing to increase, the steel industry is looking for no real slump in demand.

Retail sales last week were 11% higher than a year ago, and consumers showed no signs of trimming their buying. The Federal Reserve Board reported that there are more people planning to buy cars, furniture and major household appliances this year than there were a year ago. And they expect to pay more for

autos but less for other durable goods than last year's buyers. Consumers will spend an average of \$2,700 for a new car v. \$2,500 a year ago, while 1955's used-car buyers expect to pay \$800 v. \$750 in 1954. This year 16% of the public will buy cars v. 14% last year, while another 20% said they plan to purchase autos in 1956 or 1957.

Furniture and household appliances will be bought by 28.5% of the public, v. 26.9% in 1954, but they plan to spend \$80 less than last year's outlay. More consumers plan to buy on credit. This year, the FRB reported, 60% of the car purchasers expect to buy on time; v. 56% a year ago, and 54% of the prospective household-goods purchasers expect to use credit. v. 51% in 1954.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Le Boon

For a year, Frenchmen have been flocking to the Paris Bourse, demonstrating a faith in their economy that has long been lacking. With hoarded francs or those repatriated from the uncertainty of Indo-China, they furiously bought stocks, driving the market to dizzy heights. Stock-exchange volume doubled in 1954, added still another 50% this year, soared with every scrap of good news. Powered by Esso Standard's oilfield discovery at Parentis-en-Born near Bordeaux (which nearly doubled France's domestic oil production), Esso stock went up from 7,000 to 90,000 francs in less than a year. Other shares rode along, though many paid only 2% in dividends and some as little as 1%.

A fortnight ago, with many prices over-inflated, the inevitable shake-out came: the stock index tumbled from 333 to 270,

with some losses up to 30%: Esso still had 72,000 francs as brokers crowded outside the Bourse, where much of the trading goes on (*see cut*). But it was not the dreaded *le krach*, and it did not last long. Last week the Bourse firmed and stocks turned up, some issues recouping 10%. Said influential *L'Information*: "We feared a Black Friday. It didn't happen."

Gallop Halted. It did not happen because the French economy, despite the course of government, has been growing steadily stronger. Industrial production rose to a peak of 175 on the index (1948 equals 100) at March's end, up 20 points over a year ago. Steel production in the first quarter hit a record rate of 12,800,000 tons annually.

The galloping inflation that has sent living costs soaring since war's end finally seems hobbled. Prices have held steady despite a wage hike of nearly 6% in the past year. The long-easy franc has strengthened, and the black-market rate of 368 to the dollar is closer to the official rate of 350 than it has been for years. There has not been a major strike since 1953, despite Communist control of most of France's unions.

Speak of Miracles. But France still has plenty to worry about. It lags in housing. Though it lost more dwellings in the war than did Britain (7.6% v. 6.5%), it has rebuilt only 500,000 homes v. Britain's 2,000,000. Despite record sales abroad, the foreign-trade deficit was \$49,500,000 in March—partly because France stubbornly concentrates on exporting such low-profit items as textiles and semifinished steels. Industry, hit by high wage costs and elaborate fringe benefits imposed by strong unions and by government fiat (to avoid strikes), has tried to recoup by price-fixing and cartel schemes rather than modernization and better production methods. Nevertheless, U.S. Ambassador Douglas Dillon (one-time board chairman of the Manhattan investment firm of Dillon, Read & Co.) last week surveyed the French comeback from World War II and concluded: "It is hard not to speak of miracles."

AVIATION

Confusion in the Cockpit

For cross-country airplane pilots, an old dream, recently realized, is an electronic navigation system that tells the direction and distance to the airport of destination. The trouble is that it has been realized not in one system but in two. As a result, the flying industry is split wide-open over which system should be adopted.

The Civil Aeronautics Administration, Aircraft Owners and Pilots' Association and National Business Aircraft Association want a very high-frequency system called Omnidirectional (Omnirange), which, coupled with Distance Measuring Equipment (DME), does the job handily. Omni-



Intercontinentale

OPEN-AIR TRADERS ON THE PARIS BOURSE
Le krach did not come.

TIME CLOCK

DME has already been installed at many airports.

The U.S. Navy, Air Force and Air Transport Association (commercial airlines) want a newer system called Tactical Air Control (Tacan), which was developed by the Navy. As a result of the fight, the airlines have been scared off from spending sizable sums on what might turn out to be the losing system. Thus, while most commercial pilots rely on Omni for bearing, they find neither DME nor Tacan in their cockpits.

Counting CAA's 231 Omni-DME installations at U.S. airports and beacon stations, and the sets installed by many private aircraft owners, the new systems have cost an estimated \$200 million. Last week the House Commerce Committee, after reviewing the controversy and the still-secret development of Tacan, turned up a shocking note: since 1948 the Navy and Air Force have spent \$176 million to develop Tacan, but they candidly admit that it is still full of bugs. And Under Secretary of Commerce Louis Rothschild testified that Tacan is three to ten years from being perfected. Said A.O.P.A.'s Max Karant: "The American public has got an accounting coming from the military . . . Somehow, the public has got to know that they [the military] are destroying Omni-DME and replacing it with a completely unproved new system."

Knobs & Dials. The two navigation systems are more notable for their likeness than their difference. Both are rhomboid systems;¹⁰ both use simple dials on the instrument panel to show direction and distance to destination. Omni-DME is slightly more accurate for distance; Tacan is slightly better on direction. CAA adopted Omni in 1948, and began to install sending stations at airports to replace the radio ranges that told a pilot whether he was to the right or left of his course. Distance Measuring Equipment was added later, along with voice radio (which Tacan still lacks). But the Navy quickly discovered that Omni would not work when the signals came from the rolling, pitching mast of an aircraft carrier, set out to find a system that would.

By 1952 word leaked¹¹ out that the Navy-inspired Tacan would make Omni-DME obsolete. Since both systems use the same ultra high-frequency radio band (960-1215), the two are incompatible, just as two broadcasting stations will not work on the same frequency. The Air Force, which found the Navy system less sensitive to rough terrain than Omni-DME, backed Tacan.

International Incident. To settle the controversy the Air Navigation Development Board, a joint civilian-military team, was called in and took Tacan's side. CAA protested, and the State De-

MINIMUM WAGE will probably be boosted from 75¢ to \$1 this summer (v. 90¢ proposed by Ike), but coverage will be extended to a few, if any, additional occupations. For 1956 campaign oratory, big-city Democrats will pay lip service to the \$1.25 that labor is demanding, but Congress' realists expect that \$1 will turn out to be the top point of compromise.

COFFEE PRICES are due for another drop. In the face of a huge coffee surplus (3,100,000 bags in Brazil alone), Colombia, Costa Rica, Brazil and other coffee countries are having trouble agreeing on international price controls. Reports of a price war caused green coffee on the New York exchange to slide from 58¢ to 53¢ per lb. Maxwell House slashed its retail prices first (from 95¢ to 90¢); other roasters are expected to follow suit.

ATOMS - FOR - PEACE program pledged to the world by President Eisenhower is moving faster. Next bilateral agreement for sharing U.S. materials and know-how will be with the Philippine Republic (first country: Turkey). Japan's Cabinet has also voted to accept a U.S. offer of enough uranium for a pilot reactor.

NEW COMMON-STOCK issues are being floated at close to a record rate. SEC reported that during 1955's first quarter, U.S. corporations put out \$760 million in new issues, more than double the comparable period of last year, and second only to the \$860 million in 1929's third quarter.

U. S. STEEL CORP. is the first American purchaser of a new executive version of the Vickers Viscount turboprop; it has ordered three to replace its DC-3s.

TVA is due for a bare-knuckles policy fight when the Hoover Commission task force on water and power brings out its report next month. Headed by Jones & Laughlin's Admiral Ben Moreell, the task force plans

partment pointed out that Canada, England, France, Italy, and other NATO countries had invested in Omni-DME on a U.S. recommendation. Soon ANDB brought out a compromise, i.e., continue Omni (the directional system) until 1965 at least, DME until 1960, while Tacan or some new and better navigation system is phased in. Last week's House Commerce Committee report endorsed the compromise, but suggested that DME be allowed to die after 1958.

MODERN LIVING

Kaiser Rests

When Henry Kaiser moved to Hawaii in 1954 and bought a \$187,000 Kahala beach home, his announced intention was "to rest." While resting, he built a swimming pool beside his house in six days, suggested that the government build an

island off Waikiki and announced a plan to either sell off TVA plants to private industry or turn them over to AEC, appropriate no more money for power or reclamation, finance any such projects by selling bonds to the public (without Government guarantee). TVA Democrats are up in arms, accuse the Morell task force of being "stacked against public power."

SECOND ATOMIC SUBMARINE, the U.S.S. *Sea Wolf*, will be launched in mid-July by General Dynamics. Faster than the *Nutilus*, the *Sea Wolf* will also have a different type energy reactor, cooled by sodium instead of water. The Navy has money and plans for two more atom-powered subs, expects Congress will approve three additional A-subs in the next budget.

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS is bidding for a polar route from the U.S. West Coast to Europe. Scandinavian Airlines System, which pioneered the run is booked to capacity for the summer. Pan Am has asked CAB's O.K. to fly one-stop from Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle to London and Paris.

PAY-AS-YOU-SEE TV will get a dress rehearsal in Washington. To demonstrate its Phonevision system of toll TV to FCC, Congressmen and a broadcasters' convention this week, Zenith Radio Corp. has teamed up with WMAL-TV to transmit live programs and special movies during the morning hours to some 50 Zenith receivers set up in the capital.

A NEW TITANIUM SMELTER, which short-cuts older methods by turning out pure crystals easily pressed into ingots, will be put into pilot production by National Research Corp. under a \$1,183,495 contract from the General Services Administration. National Research expects that it can lick the big problem of impurities in the metal that has caused aircraft makers to balk at wide use of it.

island off Waikiki and announced a plan to put \$10 million into new resorts. Last week H.J. began to back his words with actions. After a quick trip to Los Angeles to line up financing, consult with Architect Welton Becket and a representative of Conrad Hilton, Kaiser plunked down \$491,000 for more beachfront, thus became Waikiki's biggest landowner (161 acres).

Then old Henry started taking bids for a 535-room hotel, 35 honeymoon cottages (each with private pool), 200 low-budget hotel rooms and 100 cabanas on his new beach site. If and when the government builds H.J. his island, he will rent it from the government and spend another \$50 million there for hotels, an aquarium, convention hall and theater. Even then he does not intend really to rest. On the Kona coast 200 miles southeast of Waikiki, Kaiser plans to spend

* In aircraft engineering jargon, rho is distance, theta is azimuth, i.e., compass bearing to the transmitting station.

THE ENGINEER SHORTAGE

A Threat to U.S. Security

THE U.S. is currently in the grip of a shortage that Assistant Defense Secretary Donald Quarles ominously calls "potentially a greater threat to national security than any aggressor weapons known." That is the shortage of trained engineers. Just to keep pace with normal growth, the U.S. requires 30,000 new engineers annually; the new production burdens of the cold war require another 10,000 a year. But last year accredited U.S. schools graduated only 19,650 engineers—less than half the required number. Lacking engineers, U.S. companies have begun refusing Government research projects. Caterpillar Tractor alone turned down six armed forces contracts.

Not only is the engineer supply falling behind America's needs; it is also failing the U.S. in the military-technological race with the Soviet Union. Last year the Russians, who produced only about 9,000 engineers in 1948, have stepped up graduations until last year 53,000 were turned out—a rate 2½ times greater than that of the U.S.

Behind the U.S. engineering shortage lie a number of causes. One of the biggest is a survey made by the Bureau of Labor Statistics in 1949. It found that the U.S., then graduating close to 50,000 engineers a year, had too many. At the time, this was true enough. But shortly afterward, the Korean war and the boom in electronics and guided missiles transformed the picture. The industrial ratio of engineers to factory workers, which stood at one to 100 during the late '30s, has increased to one to 60, and is rising with every new automated process. But though the BLS retracted its 1949 warning, the damage was done. Says A. A. Potter, engineering dean emeritus of Purdue: "I've talked to high-school counselors no more than three weeks ago, and that BLS report was still in their minds."

High-school training is another cause of the shortage. Training in the sciences and higher mathematics should begin no later than the junior year in high school. But in the last 50 years, the proportion of high-school students studying algebra has dropped from 50% to 20%, physics from 20% to 4%. Says University of Illinois Engineering Dean William Everett: "We can't teach these boys algebra and geometry or primary physics and chemistry in the colleges." Today M.I.T. reckons one in four of its freshman engineering students to be poorly prepared, while Illinois Institute of Technology is only 60% filled for lack of properly qualified applicants.

Finally, when the comparative handful of engineering students do graduate, the U.S. swoops down and puts 10,000 yearly into uniform. This leads to the peculiar spectacle of defense officials screaming for more engineers while inducting them into the armed forces, often to serve in jobs where their skills are not fully used.

The result has been a mad scramble by U.S. companies for engineers. Teams of recruiters are swarming over every campus, wining, dining and tempting seniors with beginning salaries 36% higher than in 1949 and about 4% above last year. An engineer-to-be can consider anywhere from seven to 30 offers at salaries ranging from \$320 monthly to twice that figure. One company even tried to hire M.I.T.'s entire graduating class. Zenith, in desperation, sent two executives to Holland on a shopping trip; they returned with ten good Dutch engineers. But the initial high pay gives a false impression of salaries for the long pull: ten years out of college, the average bachelor-of-science engineer earns only about \$750 a month.

In the frenzied competition, it is usually the big companies that win, while small companies, which are also conducting original research, are starved for talent. Many engineering-school faculties are working intensively with secondary schools to improve their pre-engineering curriculums. Many companies are cooperating with colleges to develop training facilities—e.g., erection of a joint study center in South Windsor, Conn., to train 200 graduate students jointly announced last week by United Aircraft Corp. and Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

But the greatest contribution that industry can make toward meeting the shortage is to use engineers as they should be used, and not on marginal tasks that could be handled by lesser-trained personnel. Says F. W. Treasie, associate dean of the University of Illinois' undergraduate engineering division in Chicago: "Many companies are putting engineers in as sub-professionals in jobs which could be handled by technicians."

Some experts estimate that the companies could cut in half the number of engineers they employ if they used them only for engineering jobs, stopped wasting them on drafting and lesser tasks that men without degrees could do just as well. Sooner or later, corporations will have to change their ways simply because there is no quick solution of the shortage in sight.

\$40 million for hotels, a yacht basin, hillside homes, fishing boats. Said he: "There's a need for more vacation facilities—a human need. When I was 22 I decided Florida would never develop a tourist business and passed up a chance to be in on the ground floor there. Then I went on to figure that Palm Springs and Las Vegas were desert sand traps and always would be. I don't want to miss the boat again."

MANAGEMENT

Incentive for Saving

To some 73,000 of its employees in plants and laboratories across the nation last week giant E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. made a pleasant offer: it will give 25¢ to every employee saving a dollar. Under the plan, similar to those of General Electric, Standard Oil (Indiana), Gulf Oil and Pure Oil, employees with two years of service can authorize payroll deductions of \$12.50 to \$37.50 monthly to be put into U.S. Savings Bonds, Series E, paying 3% interest. For every dollar the employee thus saves, Du Pont will contribute 25¢ to buy him company stock, with the dividends going to purchase still more stock. After four years, the employee will start getting the Government bonds and Du Pont stock. Maximum possible cost to Du Pont yearly: about \$8,000,000.

INDUSTRY

Out of the Pit

In Cleveland's Public Hall last week, some 10,000 members of the American Mining Congress swarmed about huge machines that held the hope of new life for the dying coal industry. The metal monsters, along with sketches and pictures of others too huge to bring into the hall, promised dramatic cuts in mining costs all along the line.

Among eye-catchers: ¶ Joy Manufacturing Co.'s 40-ton continuous coal miner that can eat into a coal seam at the rate of 4½ feet per minute, mine eight tons of coal in the same time (see cut). Two boring arms bite into the coal, cut it into small pieces and carry it by conveyor belt to a waiting cart. Joy, with 300 older continuous miners in operation, says its new giant will carve out twice as much coal as the older models. Even before the new "Twin Borer" could be wheeled onto the floor, an Indiana producer snapped it up for \$110,000. ¶ A "portable" bus, designed by Lee-Norse Co., to cut the time a miner spends traveling from the surface to the mine's working area (for which he gets paid). The 90 minutes which miners now average riding into the mines on the same string of cars used to haul out coal, can be cut to 50 minutes by the bus. Price: \$3,800 to \$3,900.

¶ Sketches of a 2,600-ton power shovel, made by the Marion (Ohio) Power Shovel Co., probably the largest piece of mobile equipment ever built. The \$2,500,000 shovel, as high as a twelve-story building,



MR. CLARENCE A. GARRETT
President and General Manager
Garrett Freightlines, Inc.

For 42 years, Mr. Garrett has directed activities of this pioneer motor carrier from offices in Pocatello, Idaho, birthplace and still general headquarters of the firm. Last year, in nine Western states, nearly 1,000 Garrett units rolled 24 million miles over all kinds of highways in all kinds of weather. Winner of ATA's 1954 National Truck Safety Contest in the over-20-million-miles class, Garrett Freightlines has received numerous other awards for outstanding performance through the years. Mr. Garrett, the manager of America's safest carrier says:



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Hope for a new life.

will scoop out 100 tons of the earth and rock that covers coal deposits every 50 seconds.

The industry needs all the machine help it can get. One-third of the 9,000 mines producing in 1943 are shut down and only 214,000 of 1948's 442,000 miners are still employed; last year's bituminous output of some 395 million tons was a 15-year low. But the picture is brightening. Last week bituminous production was running about 16% above last year's rate, and most coalmen hope for a yearly output of at least 430 million tons, a figure some optimists claim is 20 million tons too low. With the help of new mechanization, the daily output of coal per man will average close to ten tons this year v. 7.3 tons in 1932 and 6.1 tons during 1947. What is more cheering is the fact that the industry has just scratched the surface of its mechanical possibilities. But those who have moved fastest towards mechanization have found their markets increasing. In the past eight years, the 28 largest producers—most of them exponents of mechanization—have boosted their output 45%, while total industry production slumped 38%. As the U.S. economy grows to meet the needs of expanding population, coalmen expect that the output of completely mechanized, low-cost mines will not only increase, but will be able to compete on nearly equal terms with gas and oil.

PERSONNEL

Copper in His Blood

From the moment he took a \$1.50-a-day job as a water boy on a gang building a railroad for Anaconda Copper at Butte, Mont., there was never much doubt how Cornelius Francis Kelley would spend his life. Born in the mining country (his father was a mine superintendent), "Con" Kelley had copper in his blood. He went

off to study law at the University of Michigan, started specializing in mine cases back in Butte. In a fledgling industry dominated by Irishmen and racked by legal brawls, Kelley quickly made his mark. He went to work for Anaconda, became its general counsel in 1908 and its president ten years later. Last week, still lively and full of fight at 80, Chairman Con Kelley made a painful decision. After 54 years with Anaconda, the time had come to retire.

As Anaconda's boss, Kelley kept the company in step with the rapidly expanding demands for copper of the electronic age. He bought mines in Chile, made Anaconda the world's biggest producer; by buying American Brass and setting up

Anaconda Wire & Cable, he also made it the world's biggest fabricator. Two years ago, weary of all the talk about aluminum cutting into copper's markets, Con Kelley made a typical move: he decided to spend \$45 million on an Anaconda aluminum mill, which will go into production at Columbia Falls, Mont., this summer. His most recent venture: he put Anaconda into developing what may be the largest U.S. uranium deposit in New Mexico (TIME, April 4).

In Kelley's regime Anaconda's assets have soared from \$226 million to \$870 million, its sales from \$150 million to \$461 million. Last week Kelley had some good news for his successor, still to be chosen. Said he: "Anaconda's future was never so bright."

Other executive switches:

Jesse W. Tapp, 55, was named chairman of the Bank of America to replace 65-year-old Fred A. Ferroggiaro, retiring after 49 years with the bank, biggest in the U.S. Tall, round-cheeked Bunker Tapp graduated from the University of Kentucky, got his M.A. at Wisconsin and did graduate work in economics at Harvard. He joined the Agriculture Department in 1920, and through Republican and Democratic Administrations, filled an assortment of Agriculture jobs, including associate administrator of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. He joined the Bank of America in 1939 as an agricultural economist, was made executive vice-president in 1951, vice-chairman in 1954.

President Langbourne Meade Williams, 52, of Freeport Sulphur Co. was elected chairman of the National Industrial Conference Board. A tall (6 ft. 2 in.), courtly Southerner, with a deep sense of industry's responsibilities as well as its power, Williams won a proxy fight for control of Freeport Sulphur when he was only 27. A product of the University of Virginia ('24) and Harvard's Business School, he has been the sparkplug in Freeport's extensive exploration and fast expansion (TIME, Sept. 3, 1951).

Chales Edward Wilson, 68, onetime president of General Electric and high Government boss (War Production Board, Office of Defense Mobilization), now enjoying a new career at W. R. Grace & Co. (he was elected chairman a fortnight ago), was elected as a public representative on the board of governors of the New York Stock Exchange.

AGRICULTURE

Plenty of Nothing

The U.S. has \$2.6 billion tied up in its wheat-support program, and the storage costs amount to \$150,000,000 a year. But last week, as the harvesting of the new winter wheat crop got under way in the Southwestern states, it looked as if the U.S. would face a wheat shortage of a kind: it might not have all the high-quality wheat that U.S. bakers need. Of the U.S.'s billion-bushel stockpile of wheat, farmers and bakers estimate that only



Guy Gillette for Fortune
ANACONDA'S KELLEY
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GENERAL  ELECTRIC



WHEAT STORAGE TENTS NEAR FORT WORTH

The surplus concealed a shortage.

10% to 25% is usable in its present form by the breadmaking industry—the single biggest wheat user. The rest would have to be upgraded by blending it with strong-gluten wheat.* But there is comparatively little strong-gluten wheat available with which to do the blending. Said Nebraska Wheat Farmer Herb Hughes, member of a five-man board that advises Agriculture Secretary Ezra Benson on the operations of the Commodity Credit Corp.: the breadmaking quality of the Government's stockpile is "fantastic and deplorable."

This week Secretary Benson was scheduled to go to Hutchinson, Kans. for a conference with some 5,000 farmers, millers and bakers to outline an incentive plan under which farmers might be paid premiums for strong-gluten wheat, and possibly even penalized for weak-gluten grain. Benson has long been aware of the downgrading of U.S. wheat surpluses, but doing something about it has seemed an almost insoluble problem. Quality controls are highly complex to administer and would be a political headache, since many farmers can grow nothing but weak-gluten wheat.

Weird Workings. The low quality of the Government's hoard is due largely to the weird workings of a price-support system under which farmers for years have produced not for the market but for Government storage bins, ranging from mothballed ships to tents (*see cut*).

Commercial millers are willing to pay a premium of 25¢ a bushel for strong-gluten wheat. In a free market, this premium would encourage farmers to produce the high-quality grain. But it has not worked that way under the support program. While drought and a siege of rust have cut down on the output of strong-gluten grain, the price-support pro-

gram has encouraged wheat farmers to sacrifice quality for quantity.

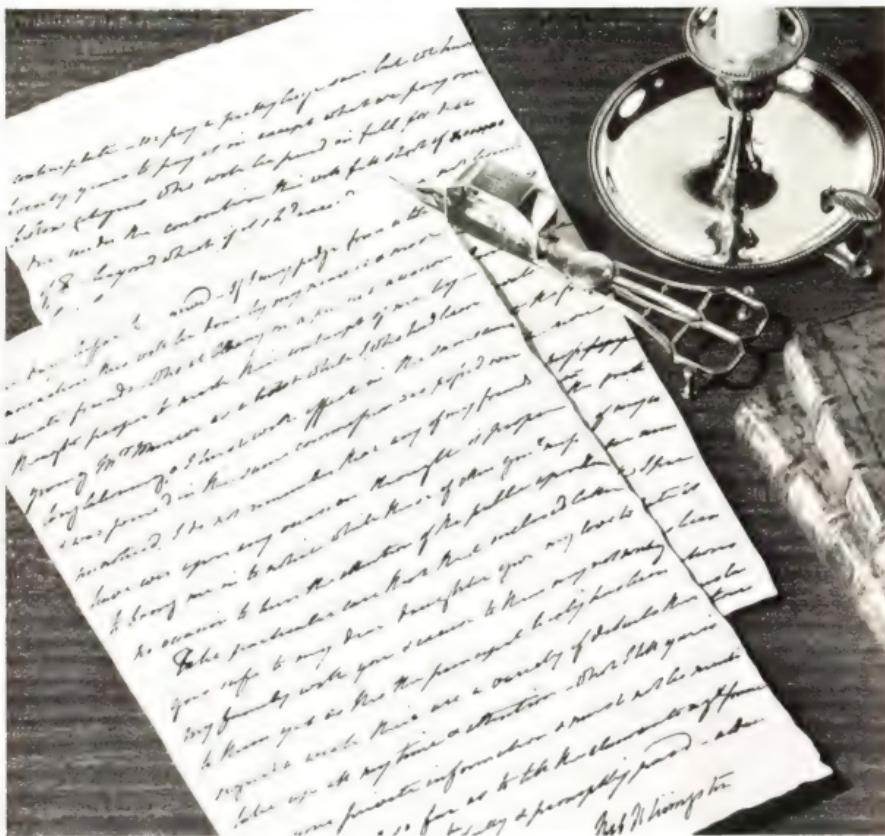
Under the program, the U.S. does not distinguish between strong-gluten wheat and weak; it will pay the same price for either type. And since more weak-gluten wheat can be produced per acre, most farmers have concentrated on it. Even the relatively few farmers who produce strong-gluten wheat are no help to the Government: since they get premium prices on the open market, most of them do not bother to enter the Government price-support program. Furthermore, the shortage of strong-gluten wheat is so great that whenever a shipment of it goes to a commercial elevator for Government storage, it rarely gets into a Government bin. Reason: elevator operators are free to sell the wheat at a premium, and replace it with equal-grade but weak-gluten wheat purchased at lower cost.

Growing Mountain. In the past, the U.S. has been able to sell some of its weak-gluten surpluses abroad, where much bread was made by hand. Now European bakers, rapidly mechanizing their industry, are turning to Canada and the Argentine for the strong-gluten wheat they need.

Because of the strong-gluten shortage, many farmers like Nebraska's Herb Hughes, who formerly sold their wheat to the Government, have quit the support program. They are planting all the strong-gluten wheat they want and selling it on the open market. If enough other farmers follow Hughes's example, it may wreck the delicate mechanism of the whole price-support program. Next month wheat farmers will vote on whether to accept acreage restrictions again this year, and many experts think they will vote against them. If so, it will be up to Ezra Benson to figure out a way to avert a sudden market collapse.

In any case, unless the U.S. begins raising more strong-gluten wheat, it looks as if the nation will be stuck with a growing mountain of wheat that it will have little use for.

★ Memorable American Letters... ★



Courtesy The New York Historical Society

"We pay a pretty sum," writes Robert R. Livingston to his brother Edward, on May 7, 1803, "but we have 20 years to pay it in." The "pretty sum"—\$15 million—was the price he and James Monroe had agreed to pay France for ceding Louisiana. The famous purchase, negotiated in Paris, added to this young nation an area stretching from Mexico to Canada, and from the Mississippi to the Rockies.

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May 18, 1955.

CINEMA

Trend Toward Laxity?

A widening breach between the 25-year-old Hollywood Production Code, which has recently relaxed its taboo list, and the Roman Catholic Legion of Decency, still the nation's most powerful box-office pressure group, is gradually becoming more obvious. Items:

¶ James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, Archbishop of Los Angeles, dispatched a "special statement" to the pastors of 267 churches in his archdiocese, instructing that "caution be issued to all your people, but particularly to the young" about "an obvious trend toward laxity in some of the motion picture productions—and in the advertising of them as well."

¶ Howard Hughes's *Son of Sinbad*, approved by the Hollywood Production Code but condemned by the Legion of Decency (even after re-editing) as "a serious affront to Christian and traditional standards of morality and decency," is already booked for several hundred theaters. Like Hughes's controversial *French Line*, it seems headed for a dual treatment: boycotting in heavily Catholic areas, nationwide sensational advertising to convince the public that *Sinbad* is really a euphemism for Singood.

¶ In Manhattan, the Rev. Thomas F. Little, executive secretary of the Legion of Decency, charged that producers "as a matter of deliberate policy have been contracting for a considerable amount of literary material which is gravely offensive to the moral law . . . with the apparent acquiescence of the Production Code Authority to the appearance of such material in released pictures." Father Little said that the Legion was having difficulty finding pictures to approve. He pointed out that in the last six months the Legion has rated some 78 pictures in objectionable categories.

¶ In Hollywood, Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, replied that while the movie industry welcomes criticism, it feels it is "doing a fine job" and does not contemplate making "concessions to anybody on anything." Johnston admitted that some recent films have portrayed excessive violence, but "there will be a different trend in films released this fall and winter . . . The goal is to make pictures reasonably accepted by reasonable people."

New Picture

Revenge of the Creature (Universal-International). The creature is the same scaly, slime-covered gill man who came rip-sawing out of the Black Lagoon last year. Then, he was going into frenzies over an undressed blonde (Julia Adams). This time the creature is chasing an eye-filling blonde (Lori Nelson) over and under the inland waterways of Florida. The gill man's biggest problem: when he catches his female—brunette or blonde—he doesn't quite know what to do next. This fatal hesitancy got him shot to death.

TYPICAL TIME SAVING: Jackson, Michigan, to Camden, New Jersey...hold business meeting...back home same day. Trip formerly took two days!



Cessna 180 helps this company grow... Cuts costs!

G.E. Archenbronn, president of the Radio-TVision Products Co., Grass Lake, Michigan, says the company's Cessnas have made an important contribution to the firm's growth. "Our airplanes have added productive time, give us terrific, all-around service," says Archenbronn. His company is a major supplier of parts to the radio and television industries. The Cessnas provide quick liaison between the home office, a California plant and a Canadian affiliate.



When the company purchased its Cessnas, in 1953, president Archenbronn didn't know how to fly. Wasn't long and he had a pilot's license. Since then, he has flown 100,000 miles expediting company business.



Keeps family together

Now, attractive Louise Archenbronn is a flying fan. "I used to be afraid of flying. Not any more! The airplane lets Ed stay home more often." On one occasion, Archenbronn flew his wife, 9-year-old Jill and young Phil to California on a business trip. They loved it! "Boy! Did we have fun with Mama and Daddy. I want to fly there again, real soon," says Jill.

Quick response to customer S.O.S.

Besides Archenbronn (left) who recently purchased a 1955 Cessna, company engineers service customers, deliver rush shipments by air. Chief Engineer Bill McGaw (right) says the airplane gets him to production-line problems fast.



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in his first picture, and he meets the same end in his current film. Undoubtedly, he will be revived and shot to death another time. Between screams, Lori Nelson unfortunately has enough breath left to engage John Agar in just about the lippiest dialogue since the invention of talking pictures.

Three Up, Three Down

Three new pictures prove that a western's a western, whether filmed in the Black Hills of South Dakota or amid the hot springs and boiling mud of New Zealand.

Chief Crazy Horse (Universal-International) pays a Technicolor installment on Hollywood's mountain of debt to the American Indian: after years of getting clobbered, the redskins this time win three battles in a row over the U.S. cavalry. What's more, the embattled Sioux



VICTOR MATURE
Nudged by heavenly voices.

are given Victor Mature as their peerless leader, but sad to say, when silhouetted against the sky in war paint and feathers, Mature looks more like an aggrieved turtle than an eagle of the plains.

Before he goes gunning for the whites, Big Chief Mature gets an unconscionable amount of nudging from heavenly voices which keep insisting that he is the legendary hero of his people. By the time he accepts his commission from the Great Spirit and wins a couple of cavalry skirmishes, there were apparently not enough extras left to stage Custer's last stand at the Little Bighorn. So, curiously, the picture dispenses with most of it. Suzan Ball flutters her eyelids as Mature's squaw, and Ray Danton, Keith Larsen and Robert Warwick are equally improbable as a trio of braves.

Land of Fury (J. Arthur Rank: Universal) is laid in New Zealand and has Maoris instead of Indians. Jack Hawkins acts the white settler in a manner wooden



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petroleum and natural gas from which today's chemicals are compounded. Bank loans also help process the basic materials into finished chemicals and transport them to markets all over the nation. Chemical plant equipment and expansion often require bank loans, too. And on the retail side it's still a bank loan that helps put every chemistry triumph from miracle drugs to soil conditioners on the open market for your selection.

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They also make us busier, more produc-

tive citizens. This is so because when money works in a free economy men and women work, too.

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enough to qualify him as a Hollywood cowboy, while Glynis Johns is the ever-loving wife who forgives his playing games with a native enchantress named Laya Raki, even if the Maoris won't. Despite these novelties, the film very nearly talks itself to death before getting around to the big battle scene where all the adult whites are satisfactorily slaughtered. The film ends with a new boatload of settlers landing on the beach, complete with carpetbags and valises, and looking about them as if wondering which is the way to the desk clerk.

Run for Cover (Paramount) is Jimmy Cagney's 50th movie and he proves his durability in the very first reel by walking into a point-blank ambush and emerging with nothing more than a scraped forehead. Since the ambush was a mistake, the chastened townsfolk make Cagney their new sheriff, and he promotes his sidekick (John Derek), who was crippled by the posse, to be deputy. But Derek is the kind of fellow who nurses a grudge—first he helps Badman Ernest Borgnine to escape, then he betrays Cagney, shoots him in the back and leaves him to drown. By this time Jimmy is beginning to think that Derek can't be trusted. After the Comanches massacre most of the badmen for him, Cagney tracks Derek and Borgnine to their lair, disposes of both (with some last-minute help from Derek, who has had still another change of heart), and returns to Viveca Lindfors and a happy ending.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Hiroshima. A propaganda-heavy but harrowing Japanese-made film about the death of a living city (TIME, May 23).

Violent Saturday. Three thugs rob a bank in a picture as simple and as nerve-racking as a bomb. With Victor Mature, Richard Egan, Ernest Borgnine (TIME, May 16).

Heartbreak Ridge. The infantryman's ordeal in Korea, as experienced by a green French lieutenant and sharply recorded by Director Jacques Dupont (TIME, May 9).

Marty. The love story of "a very good butcher": home truth and homely humor in the life of an ordinary man—well perceived by Playwright Paddy Chayefsky well expressed by Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair (TIME, April 18).

East of Eden. Director Elia Kazan does his best with one of John Steinbeck's worst novels and a new star, James Dean, is born of his pains, with Julie Harris (TIME, March 21).

The Wages of Fear. Fear, oil, greed, Central America and nitroglycerin, stirred together in an angry philosophical shocker by French Director Henri-Georges Clouzot (TIME, Feb. 26).

Romeo and Juliet. Never has Shakespeare's love poem been so splendidly set—among the Renaissance remains of Venice, Verona, Siena (TIME, Dec. 20).

The Country Girl. A slickly made story about a Broadway has-been (Bing Crosby), his bitter wife (Oscar-winning Actress Grace Kelly), and a cynical director (William Holden) (TIME, Dec. 13).



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BOOKS

The Legend of Dylan Thomas

ADVENTURES IN THE SKIN TRADE AND OTHER STORIES (275 pp.)—Dylan Thomas—*New Directions* (\$3.50).

SEVEN LETTERS TO OSCAR WILLIAMS (13 pp.)—Dylan Thomas—in *New World Writing #7—New American Library* (50¢).

Modern poetry often seems a pretty dreary cocktail party. In a quiet corner, of course, perches the aged eagle, T. S. Eliot, 66, still far and away the No. 1 living poet of the 20th century, sipping his extra-dry sherry of resignation. His old white magic still works, but it no longer

has existed only in memory, for Dylan Thomas died in Manhattan in the fall of 1953, at 39. But he is still the life of the party.

The Return of Joy. His 90 poems, collected in a single volume in 1953, have gone through a spectacular seven printings. Records of his booming readings have become bestsellers (*TIME*, May 2). Now more scraps of Thomas' vivid prose have been put together and issued in a single volume called *Adventures in the Skin Trade and Other Stories*, and his letters are finding their way into print. Dylan Thomas is more alive today than any living poet now writing verse.

The reasons are not hard to find. Thom-

This death was a drama whose details are still being hotly debated. In its sordidness it recalled, among other sad and disorderly exits, the death of Edgar Allan Poe.² But it proves something about Dylan Thomas, and about the typical kibitzers of greatness who flocked to him. The hangers-on are still fighting, figuratively, over his body. Some stick to the story that Thomas died of a cerebral injury caused by a fall at a drinking party. Another group hints that Thomas was fatally dosed with morphine by a doctor whom a rival clique had summoned to treat the poet's alcoholic miseries. Dame Edith Sitwell, rising disdainfully over such partisan bickering, has said that Thomas died of an infection caught when he scratched an eyeball on a rose thorn.

Like Louis Armstrong. The facts are somewhat different. The New York City medical examiner's record shows that he died of acute and chronic alcoholism, complicated by pneumonia. An attending physician called it "alcoholic insult to the brain." When Thomas arrived in the U.S. for his last visit in October 1953, he planned to go to Hollywood and write an opera with Igor Stravinsky. But first he stopped in New York to make some money by repeating his enormously successful readings of his "play for voices," *Under Milk Wood*, at Manhattan's Y.M.H.A. Poetry Center. He was adrift in the haf-fing city, childishly delighted by its riches but really not caring what happened to him. That week Thomas called an old friend and said: "I'm tired of all the goddam writers around here. Why don't you give me a party with no writers, only beautiful women?" Late that Saturday night, after the party, Thomas showed up at his favorite tavern, the White Horse, a dark-paneled, homey bar on the western outskirts of Greenwich Village. His eyes were glazed, bloodshot, heavy-lidded. Some pals bought him drinks, and he downed three or four boozemakers in 15 minutes. Later, he went on to another bar, then retired to his hotel room for a warm beer and whisky nightcap with a friend.

Three days and several parties later, *New York Times* Critic Harvey Breit telephoned him at his hotel. "He seemed bad," Breit recalls. "I wanted to say, 'You sound as though from the tomb,' I didn't. I heard myself say instead: 'You sound like Louis Armstrong.'" That afternoon a girl assistant from the Poetry Center went to visit Thomas, who was in bad shape. Towards evening his doctor came and gave him a sedative, and left. The last words his visitor remembers were those of any man who is ill, questions like: "What time is it?"

Around midnight Thomas suddenly went into coma. An ambulance rushed him to nearby St. Vincent's Hospital. During the next few days distraught poets, painters, sculptors and assorted hangers-on crowded into the hospital lobby, sometimes



POET THOMAS

"I hold a beast, an angel and a madman in me."

holds any surprises. Eliot's lesser poetic cousins—Auden, Spender, Stevens—sip the highballs that somehow fail to intoxicate, that are diluted by too much intellectual ice. There are such grand old but long-familiar individualists as Martin-clever e. e. cummings (with lemon peel) and hard-cider-happy Robert Frost. The younger men frantically mix their drinks, from opaque Bloody Marys to phony-bucolic applejack. Mostly they are reduced to talking to each other.

But one strikingly different figure dominates the whole party: a thick little man, in a dirty, rumpled suit, with tousled hair on a bulging gnome's head, who is swigging boozemakers. He is also roaring out stories, laughing, pinching the girls, charming all who push into range of his eloquence. For 18 months the picture of this guest

as returned to poetry what people used to expect of it: joy. His work was sometimes tortured and anguished. It could be obscure—not obscure in a deliberate, cultish manner, but in the sense that an excess of color can produce darkness. But far the larger part of his verse is ebullient, drenched with sight and sound, rich in haunting new language fed from old and sparkling springs.

There is another reason for Dylan Thomas' soaring popularity. Not only his verse but his life fitted in with what people always secretly expect of poets. It was boisterous, dissolute, sometimes repellent, often appealing, both tragic and gay: a mixture easily labeled "romantic." As much as his work, his life—and death—contributed to the burgeoning Dylan Thomas legend.

² An excessive drinker, on and off, for years, Poe was found in a Baltimore tavern on election day in 1849. He was taken unconscious to the hospital, and died, at the age of 40, after three days of violent delirium.



Above: B-52 bombers
on flight line at
Boeing Seattle plant.

Left: B-52 during
a test flight.

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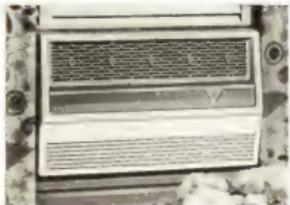
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40 deep. Thomas' wife Caitlin flew in from London, proved so distraught herself that she had to be put temporarily into a hospital at Astoria, L.I. That is where she was when Dylan Thomas died, without regaining consciousness.

The Way from Wales. Dylan Thomas had lurching straight for his fate, trusting in the survival of his poetry, which he had once called statements made on the way to the grave.

For Thomas, the way began in the Welsh seaport of Swansea. He grew up the son of a gentle, ineffectual little schoolmaster who had thrown away the declamatory, bardic Welsh heritage in favor of English-language conformity. But Dylan absorbed all the Celtic mysteries and humors. At 16 he quit school and for a year tried reporting for a Swansea newspaper. "A penguin in a duckpond," said an old staffer.

Having won a poetry contest in 1933, he headed for the capital. He did not exactly wow T. S. Eliot and the polite publishers, but he could not be ignored. Toussled, pink-cheeked and tweedbare, he slept on friends' floors, jumped in bed with friends' wives, won a reputation as a pub orator with a golden voice and an infinite capacity for beer.

"He stood at the bar, this little, thick man with the gooseberry eyes staring out of his head," a friend recalls, "telling wonderful stories and a crowd gathering around him." For a while he and another down-and-outer lived on a porridge made from oats bought by the half-sack from a stable-supply dealer. When there was no one left to touch for a quid, he would retreat to Swansea, where he would sit in the Kardomah café and hold the customers spellbound with tales of London ("As I was saying to Sacherevelli . . ."). In London he spun the legend that he was a country boy. Actually, Thomas, who has written pastorals as convincing and sweet as a haystack, probably never shot a bird, rode a horse, caught a fish. If he ever made hay, it was in mighty desultory fashion.

"I'm an Exploiter." While Thomas was yarning and clowning, he kept sternly to his poet's vocation. When he worked on his lines, crosshatching, chiseling and chivying for the right word, a bottle might stand untouched all day at his elbow. Says British Critic John Davenport of these years: "After some terrible drunk, he would come to, somewhere out in the country. Utterly exhausted, nervous, there he would be, suddenly stuttering, diffident, fumbling in his pocket—'I don't know if you'd mind—of course you haven't the time'—and dragging out a poem for you to read. There he was, with his dirty, curly hair, probably wearing someone else's trousers, those nail-bitten fingers as if they were stretched out for a five-pound note—then he produced some beautiful thing like this."

Shortly before the war, Dylan met and married Caitlin Macnamara, daughter of a bankrupt Irish landed gentleman. They were, says a poetic friend, "two wild ones," living wherever they could, either in squalor or with friends. "Lack of money still



Rolle McKenna

CAITLIN THOMAS
Two wild ones.

pours in," wrote the moody family man during a spell at his mother-in-law's. He once said that his lifelong ambition was "living off a rich woman," and women often helped him.

"Dylan," said the late Poet Norman Cameron, "you're in danger of being widely regarded as a sponge." Replied Thomas indignantly: "I'm not a sponge. I'm an exploiter."

Reprobate Innocent. He began to get assignments writing and reading for the BBC. He also wrote documentary films, though producers sometimes had to lock him in a hotel room to wring a finished script out of him. People loved him as a sort of raffish reproach to the world of respectability, a reprobate innocent. He got away with almost anything. The story goes that as an honored guest for an Oxford poetry society which served only select wines, Thomas asked for a jug of beer at the outset, cheerfully poured each successive vintage wine into the same jug and mixed it up with his teaspoon.

Between London pub rounds, he lived in Laugharne, a silted-up old South Wales cockle port, bright with pink-washed cottages, near where he used to visit his grandfather as a boy. Life at Laugharne seemed to suit him. He played with his three children, visited his parents, who lived in the same village, cut his daily beer intake to ten pints. "It's lovely, on the sea," he said. "You can spit right into the sea from our window, and we frequently do—all the time, in fact. I potter in the morning, I'm a very good potter. I shop, I go to the village, and speak to people. It's a short street, and it takes hours to get from one end to the other. I stop at the pub and get back for lunch. In the afternoon there's nothing to do, so I work."

About Danny Boy. The Thomas legend will be enhanced by the three chapters from *Adventures in the Skin Trade*, and the 20 stories published with them. Many a poet, when he writes prose, sounds as stodgy as a beached carp, but Thomas easily swam through prose, with a flashing

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Progress Report 1954

Safeway's Story in Figures...		1954	1953
SALES	\$1,813,516,626	\$1,751,819,708	
Income from dividends, interest and other sources	226,002	283,199	
Cost of merchandise—paid out to farmers and other suppliers of goods and expended for manufacturing and warehousing	1,531,502,208	1,484,147,500	
Total operating and adminis- trative expenses, other charges and provision for income and excess profits taxes	268,356,659	253,410,675	
NET INCOME	13,983,771	14,544,732	
Dividends to preferred stockholders	1,915,397	1,914,418	
Net Profit applicable to common stock	12,068,374	12,630,314	
NET PROFIT PER SHARE OF COMMON STOCK based on average number of shares outstanding during the year	3.52	4.31	
Dividends to common stockholders	8,336,264	7,090,916	
Dividends per share to common stockholders	2.40	2.40	
Number of new stores opened during the year	44	16	
Number of stores closed during the year	83	71	
Number of stores in operation at end of year	1,998	2,037	

Quick Facts:

Safeway set a new sales record in 1954. Total net sales showed an increase of \$61,696,928 over 1953.

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April 21, the Company issued and sold 267,000 shares of new 4.30% Convertible Preferred Stock. Proceeds from the sale were applied on short term bank loans.

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1954 was impressive from the standpoint of Safeway's construction program. 44 new retail stores, 39 in the United States and 5 in Canada were completed.

74 retail stores were under construction and should be completed by July, 1955. Plans and specifications were prepared or in the process of preparation for 91 retail stores. These stores should be in operation before the end of 1955.

Excellent relations existed between Safeway, its employees and their union representatives during 1954. No serious labor controversies or work stoppages took place during the year and none existed at the year end.

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of fins and a show of unexpected twists that could have made him famous as a prose writer if he had never so much as rhymed hell and seashell. Some of the stories sing of the same Welsh town he saluted in *Under Milk Wood*; others are rambling, obscurely symbolic excursions into weird regions. In *Skin Trade* it was Thomas' sardonic intention to tell how a youngster from the provinces lands in London, much as he himself did. Before the boy sets out for the big city, he daydreams about what it will be like. He sees himself knocking at a rooming house and an Irish girl appearing at the door. "Good morning, madam, have you a cheap room?" asks the boy. "Cheaper than sunlight to you, Danny Boy," says the girl. "Has it got bugs?" "All over the walls, praise be to God." "I'll take it."

But twelve hours after his actual arrival (according to Thomas' plan for the book), the boy was to be arrested in the raw at a railway station—"a kind of Strip-Jack-Naked. He's parted with everything, or they've taken it." In the 82 slaphappy and possibly autobiographical pages Thomas finished, the kid slides from one loony scrape to another, encumbered much of the way with a Bass ale bottle that has unaccountably got stuck fast on his finger.

Even knocking out a clowning letter to New York Poet Oscar Williams, Thomas could not help writing vivid prose. On a plane trip back from New York: "It was stormy and dangerous, and only my iron will kept the big bird up; lightning looked wonderful through the little eyeholes in its underbelly; the bar was open all the way from Newfoundland; and the woman next to me was stone-deaf so I spoke to her all the way, more wildly and more wildly as the plane lurched on through dark and lion-thunder and the firewater yelled through my blood like Sioux, and she unheard all my delirium with a smile; and then the Red Indians scalped me; and then it was London; and my iron will brought the bird down safely . . ."

The Dying Light. Of himself Thomas once said: "I am first class of second class." It was no depreciation assessment—still leaving the top for Shakespeare, Dante, Milton et al. He was a wild, generous, flamboyant, unpredictable, panurgent, ribald and thirsty man who loved the company of his fellow human beings. He was also a lonely misanthrope who saw the world and himself with intolerable clarity. After one three-day binge he groaned to a friend: "To be able to tear off my flesh, to get rid of this awful, horrifying skin we have . . ."

He once wrote, melodramatically but perhaps not inaccurately: "I hold a beast, an angel and a madman in me, and my enquiry is as to their working, and my problem is their subjugation and victory, downthrow and upheaval . . ." In the poems that will remain long after the last alcoholic insult to that skin he loathed, there are many victories for the angelic of the three Dylan Thomases:

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MISCELLANY

Man, You Goofed. In Chicago, after a federal agent had spent six months talking bop language to win his confidence before arresting him as a narcotics peddler, Willie Hill, 32, commented: "I'm real down. Here I thought that cat was the coolest. He turned out to be nowhere."

Understatement. In Detroit, police charged Mrs. Asenath V. Brown with reckless driving after she 1) smashed into the last of four cars stopped for a red light, causing a chain reaction, 2) swung around through a red light, 3) went over the curb and struck a 15-year-old boy, 4) carried him draped over the fender through the plate-glass window of a drug store, 5) smashed into the merchandise, showering a clerk with glass.

Place aux Dames. In Indianapolis, announcing a beauty contest to choose an Indiana "Air Princess," the U.S. Air Force informed candidates that "All entries become the property of the judges."

Schizophrenia. In Akron, Personnel Counselor Mrs. Dorothy Burke, 46, was charged with passing a bad check, despite her on-the-spot psychoanalytical reading of police, who won her professional verdict as 1) basically kind, 2) gruff outside, but with a heart of gold.

Voter's Choice. In Wibaux, Mont., denied the chance to vote because his name was not on the voters' list, W. L. Hammond testily halted the election by marching off with the ballot box.

Border Incident. In Greenville, Miss., when James Martin discovered that his neighbor's garage extended 4 ft. over land on which he was building a fence, he kicked two holes in the garage, built the fence through it.

Something for the Road. In Largo, Fla., Thomas J. Gilmore, 44, escaped from Prison Camp 8515 with two of the camp's four bloodhounds, its auto, the superintendent's pistol, shirt and pants.

Beacon. In Milwaukee, Salesman Jerome Keller, 41, caught speeding by police radar, drove his car to the edge of the trap, waved down approaching speeders until the frustrated cops packed up their equipment and went elsewhere.

Woman's Best Friend. In Pittsburgh, unable to pay a \$10 fine for disorderly conduct in attempting to rescue his dog from the dogcatcher, Carmen Traficanti spent the night in jail after his wife appeared, bailed out the dog.

Local Habitation. In Launceston, Australia, complaining that "people give me curious glances when I tell them my address," a farmer petitioned the district council to change the name of his district from Nowhere Else to Somewhere Else.



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